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MODERN HYMNS

COMPILED BY

ANDREW CHALMERS.

SPRING UP, O WELL; SING YE UNTO IT.

NUMBERS xxi. 17.

Printed for Private Circulation.

WAKEFIELD.

1891.

"A mightier church shall come, whose covenant word
Shall be the deeds of love. Not *Credo* then,—
Amo shall be the passport through its gates.
Man shall not ask his brother any more
'Believest thou?' but 'Lovest thou?' and all
Shall answer at God's altar, 'Lord, I love.'
For Hope may anchor, Faith may steer, but Love,
Great Love alone, is captain of the soul."

HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER.

T. P. BRAITHWAITE, PRINTER, WAKEFIELD.

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PREFACE.

It has long been my desire to compile such a Hymn Book as would show what free Christianity is capable of, as regards poetic expression. Seven years ago I made a preliminary effort by preparing a small volume of "Hymns and Litanies," which received an unexpectedly warm welcome. Drawn largely from fresh sources, it showed how strong the liberal faith is on what has usually been considered its weakest side. Since then, I have often been urged to form a more complete collection on similar lines, and the present volume has grown gradually as the result. But, for several reasons, I have decided not to publish it, at least for the present. It will only be used by my own congregation, and circulated among ministers and others who are interested in Hymnology, or anxious to secure greater beauty and fervour in the service of sacred song. It may be imagined that the labour spent in its preparation is out of all proportion to this limited use. But the multiplication of Hymn Books is not desirable, even in face of the startling fact that half of our Churches actually use a Hymn Book fifty-one years old, which its distinguished compiler has long wished to supersede. I therefore prefer to offer this collection as

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a contribution towards a denominational Hymn Book of a representative character, which ought to be issued before the century closes. Only this important undertaking should be entrusted to the most competent men, and carried out without stint of labour or cost.

The book being thus intended for a private and temporary purpose, I have not troubled authors or publishers for permission to use their Hymns. But, of course, in the event of its being reprinted and offered for sale, all such rights will be duly respected. If any one feel aggrieved by the liberty thus taken, complaint should be made to me, as I am solely responsible.

The cost of the volume has been largely defrayed by the Ladies' Society of Westgate Chapel, Wakefield, and the Chairman of its Trustees, and to them my warmest thanks are due. I also highly appreciate the excellent spirit shewn by the congregation, in not only welcoming the book for their own use, but entering heartily into its larger aim of the advancement of devotional literature. For their sake the book bears a somewhat more conservative aspect than was at first intended. But though this may prevent its being exclusively composed of "Modern Hymns," it is at least thoroughly imbued with the modern spirit.

Twenty-five of my own hymns have been inserted in this collection, in response to numerous

requests. It is, however, needless to say that if the book had been designed for general use, I should not have taken the lead numerically. Most of these are adapted for special occasions, and have been written to fill up blanks in our sacred song. But as abundant material was forthcoming for the two chief sections of "Praise and Thanksgiving" and "Prayer and Aspiration," none of my own hymns have been introduced into these. May I request that Nos. 80 and 98 be sung, respectively, to "Antwerp," *Bristol Tune Book*, 382, and "Edinburgh," from the *Modern Harp*.

In Hymn Books for present day needs, it is quite in vain to stand by the old test of including only pieces having direct reference to God. The line laid down in this volume has been to keep the level always high above mere rhymed didactics. Breaking thus through the old bonds, the book has an unusually wide range, while rarely falling below a rigid standard of culture and poetic feeling. Even the few hymns of a slightly militant character have little in common with the combative creed-songs of less tolerant days. Though the cause of religious reform may still need its *Wacht am Rhein*, or even its *Marseillaise*, it here carries a flag of truce in its train, and is ready to hang the trumpet in the hall.

A glance at the index will show that much pioneer work has been done in the collection and

adaptation of fresh material. And while old or familiar hymns have rarely been altered, it has been necessary to pass several others through a process of evolution. In all such cases this has been carried out with scrupulous care, and not a few pearls of price have thus been rescued from neglect or oblivion.

The classification of the hymns is clear and convenient, but by no means perfect. For instance, the two longest sections might be subdivided, while the hymns relating to Youth, and to Christian Benevolence, might be advantageously grouped under appropriate headings. Unfortunately, a few hymns have strayed from their proper places, through my illness when the book was passing through the press.

The volume, thus introduced, is by no means the ideal Hymn Book which it was my dream to compile. As usual, the anticipation and achievement are far apart. But its careful study will at least show how rich and refined is the hymn literature which it chiefly represents, namely, that of the last forty years. And this fact, clearly brought home to our churches, may result in their more largely availing themselves of this source of uplifting power.

ANDREW CHALMERS.

ST. JOHN'S, WAKEFIELD,
Sept. 1st, 1891.

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MORNING HYMNS.

1

C.M.

1 NOW morning lifts her dewy veil,
With new-born blessings crowned;
O haste we then her light to hail,
In courts of holy ground.

2 Too oft with care and labour pressed,
We need in calm to pray,
And of the week, for sacred rest,
We've but one Sabbath day.

3 And as its tranquil hours return,
To contrite hearts 'tis given,
By faith's clear vision to discern
The joy and peace of heaven.

4 Lord, as our pilgrim feet must go
Through vales whose springs are dry,
May streams of loving-kindness flow,
Our souls to satisfy.

5 When life's fair flowers around us bloom,
Accept our thankful praise,
And cheer us through the days of gloom
By thy consoling grace.

2

7 M.

1 HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams,
Light which not of earth is born
From thy dawn in glory streams.

2 Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road.

3 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace.

4 But the rest that yet remains
For thy people, Lord, above,
Knows no change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Father's love.

3

L.M.

1 NOW with Creation's morning song,
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong
The works of darkness cast away.

2 O may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we our wayward hearts restrain,
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

4 Grant us, O God! in love to Thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below,
Faith, the invisible to see,
And wisdom, Thee in all to know.

4

C.M.

1 NOW that the sun is gleaming bright,
We reverently pray
That He, the uncreated light,
May guide us on our way.

2 No sinful word nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Lord, securely fence
Our gates, beleagured by the foe—
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favour end.

5

L.M.

1 RISE up, sweet morn, serenely calm,
And, in thy rising, bring with thee
The music of the golden psalm,
That daily fills the earth and sea.

2 Rise up, my heart, be firm and strong
To meet the sternest, darkest hour;
Though life be weak, and death be strong,
Yet life at last hath all the power.

3 Rise up, O baleful night of wrath
That frownest o'er the trembling world,
Arise, depart, and on thy path
Let Truth's great standard shine unfurled.

4 Rise up, sweet morn of joy and peace,
Rise up, with radiance pure and mild;
The mourner's hope, the slave's release,
Eternal Truth's eternal child.

6

L.M.

1 AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing,
High praise to the eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him, ye heavenly host above;
Praise Him, my soul, for all his love.

7

L.M.

1 LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
The folded hours of sleep restore
Our drooping souls to serve Thee more.

3 Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in noon-day skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

4 O Lord of Light! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own;
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God, we cry for Thee.

5 Praise God, our gracious Guide and Friend,
Praise Him through time, till time shall end,
To Him, whom earth and heaven adore,
Be praise and glory evermore.

8

7 M.

1 AS a bird, in meadow fair,
Or in lovely forest, sings
Till it fills the summer air,
And the greenwood sweetly rings,

2 So my heart to Thee would raise,
O my God, its song of praise,
That the gloom of night is o'er,
And I see the sun once more.

3 If thou, Son of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirred,
And, to greet Thee, upward flies,
Gladsome as the happy bird.

4 Shine Thou in me clear and bright,
Till I learn to praise Thee right;
Guide me in the doubtful way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

5 Bless to-day whate'er I do,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
From the paths of virtue true
Let me never, never rove.

6 By thy Spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee,
Then, an heir of life on high,
Fearless I may live and die.

9

L.M.

1 O GOD, we thank Thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give,
For sunny skies, and air, and light;
O God, we bless thee that we live.

2 Our life we consecrate to Thee,
And, ever as the day is born,
On wings of joy our souls would flee,
And thank Thee for another morn;

3 Another day in which to cast
Some sacred influence abroad,
That, strengthening as it journeys past,
May do some needful work for God.

4 Another day to do, to dare,
To use anew our health and strength,
To arm our souls with faith and prayer,
And rise to heaven and Thee at length.

10

C.M.

1 BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free;
And met within this sacred place
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou may'st be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou would'st have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

11

P.M.

1 COME, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come to Him who made this splendour,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended:
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And deny thee
When thou wouldest ill pursue.

4 Mayest thou in life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet:
And released from pain and sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to meet.

12

S.M.

1 IT is the hour of prayer;
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody!

2 O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet,
And gather here to pray.

3 Thy love and tender care
Have led us on till now,
And gladly in the house of prayer
In gratitude we bow.

4 O blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high!
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh.

5 Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This peaceful hour of prayer.

13

S.M.

1 THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day!
O Dayspring rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew!
On wearied mind and troubled breast,
Shed Thou thy freshening dew!

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill!
Bid Thou the winds of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Descend to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days!
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death.

14

7-6 M.

1 THOU'RT with me, O my Father,
At early dawn of day:
It is thy glory bright'neth
The upward streaming ray:
It calls me by its beauty
To rise and worship Thee:
I feel thy glorious presence,
Thy face I may not see.

2 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
In changing scenes of life,
In loneliness of spirit,
In weariness of strife:
My suff'rings and my comforts
Alternate at thy will;
I trust Thee, O my Father,
I trust Thee, and am still.

3 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
In evening's darkening gloom:
When earth in night is shrouded,
Thy presence fills my room:
The shining stars bring tidings
Of kindness from above;
I love Thee, O my Father,
And feel that Thou art love.

15

10 M.

1 STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When earth awaketh and the shadows flee;
Fresher than morning, fairer than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

2 Alone with Thee amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the calmness of my breast.

4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the blissful thought, I am with Thee.

16

8-4 M.

1 SWEET morn! from countless cups of gold
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense sweet than earth can hold,
To fill the sky.

2 In man, O morn, a loftier good
With conscious blessing fills the soul,—
A life by reason understood,
That crowns the whole.

3 From earth and earthly toil and strife,
To deathless aims his soul may rise;
Each dawn may wake to better life,
With purer eyes.

4 Such grace from Thee, O God, be ours,
Renewed with every morning's ray,
And freshening still with added flowers
Each future day.

5 Like earth, awake, and warm and bright
With thankful joy the spirit burns;
So up to Thee, the fount of light,
Our light returns.

17

7 M.

1 SOFTLY breaks the morning light,
O'er the peaceful, slumbering earth,
Banishing the gloom of night,
Waking all things into mirth.

2 As the dawn illumes the hills
With its fresh unfolding glow,
Then descending, softly fills
All the quiet vales below,

3 Thus the Truth, in silent power,
Dawns on waiting minds of men,
Touching first the heights that tower,
Then expanding, floods the plain.

4 Heights of thought, all bathed in love,
Earnest hearts that will not rest,
Until darkened vale and grove
Shine with God's great glory blest.

5 Heavenly source of every good,
Scatter evil, falsehood, strife,
Let thy Spirit o'er us brood,
Fill the world with light and life.

18

L.M.

1 OH timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

19

11-10 M.

1 NOW when the dusky shades of night retreating,
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord we lift our thankful hearts to Thee,

2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

3 Look from the height of heaven and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth to guide us onward still;
Lord, let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy holy hill.

4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendours flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

20

C.M.

1 NEW words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take,
Perchance new burdens I may bear
To-day, for love's sweet sake.

2 New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks, with yesterday begun,
More bravely to fulfil.

3 Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hand to sow
Whereby for others and for me,
Undreamed of fruit may grow.

4 And Lord, when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
Crown with thy gracious favour all
The life of every day.

5 And if each step in shine or shower
Shall be with Thee for guide,
Then blest be every happy hour
That keeps me at thy side.

21

L.M.

1 TO Thee, in morning's radiant hour,
O God, would I uplift my heart;
The shades of night obey thy power,
And at the sun's bright beams depart.

2 Father and Guardian, to thy shrine
The life thou shieldest will I bring,
I give Thee all, for all is thine,
The heart my noblest offering.

3 The morning light shall see my prayer,
The noonday calm shall know my praise,
And evening's still and fragrant air
My grateful hymn to Thee shall raise.

4 So shall sweet thoughts and hopes sublime
A constant inspiration be,
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect the light that shines from Thee.

22

L.M.

1 GOD of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines

3 O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

4 Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy chastenings just, thy promise sure:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

23

7 M.

1 IN the morning I will raise
To my God the voice of praise;
In the morning I will pray
For his blessing on the day.

2 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou who givest light divine,
Let thy light within me shine.

3 Show me, if I tempted be,
Needed strength to find in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every secret sin.

4 Keep my heart from needless fears,
Keep my eyes, O God, from tears,
Every step thy grace attend,
And my soul from ill defend.

5 Then when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

24

L.M.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay,
How spread his sovereign's praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall perfumed clouds of incense rise,
And gems and gold and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain sinful man! creation's lord,
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

25

L.M.

1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
All shall be thine at least to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy sacred shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple wholly thine.

3 O Father! God below, above,
Man's noblest work is praising Thee:
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony.

26

7-6 M.

1 LORD, on thy returning day,
From common labour freed,
We are come to sing and pray,
With felt returning need:
Come to seek our former rest,
Come to urge our old request.

2 Show us, Lord, the goal of life,
And give us heart to run;
Breathe the peace that follows strife,
Lest future work we shun:
Hearts by sore disquiet grieved
Are by Sabbath calm relieved.

3 We would sing as in the rays
Of mercy ever bright,
Which endureth to thy praise,
For ever thy delight:
Sing for happiness we know,
Or that we may happier grow.

4 We would pray as those who share
Thy love that giveth peace,—
Patiently our burdens bear
Until our labour cease ;
Lord receive, with grateful praise,
Faithful service all our days.

27

S.M.

1 HAIL to the Sabbath day !
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend ;
And bless thy love and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod ;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky,
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight,
And grant us in those courts to pray
Of pure unclouded light.

28

6-5 M.

1 EARLY will we seek Thee,
God, our refuge strong;
Come prepared to meet Thee
With our morning song.
Lord, unto thy greatness
We with trembling soar,
For our inmost being
Lies thine eyes before.

2 What this frail heart dreameth
And our thought and speech
Cannot tell thy glory,
Nor thy greatness reach;
Yet in love and mercy
Thou wilt not despise
Praises which like incense
From our hearts arise.

3 Give us, after labour,
Rest without alloy,
After storm give sunshine,
After grief give joy.
Be our souls thy temple,
Sacred unto Thee:
Only Thou, the Highest,
There shalt worshipped be.

29

10, 10, 10, 10, 6 M.

1 FOR love divine that kept us through the night,
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway,
For the new miracle of dawning light
Flushing the east with prophecies of day,
We thank Thee, O our God!

2 For the fresh life that through our being flows
With its full tide to strengthen and to bless,
For calm sweet thoughts, up-springing from repose
To bear to Thee their songs of thankfulness
We praise Thee, O our God!

3 Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night
Tells of thy power and glory. So would we,
The heights of praise ascending, with the light,
Or at still eve, upon the bended knee
Adore Thee, O our God!

4 Our needs so manifold, Thou wilt supply,
And in our blindness Thou wilt lead us on,
Till gladdened by the day-spring from on high
One all-embracing prayer, 'Thy will be done,'
We breathe to Thee, O God.

30

C.M.

1 MORNING of peace, that dawns so bright
With healing on thy wing,
The worker's rest, the saint's delight,
Our strength's unfailing spring.

2 Earth's harsh and unmelodious din
Breaks not this tranquil air;
A holy quiet welcomes in
The wonted hour of prayer.

3 Lord, may we in thy temple meet,
As children of the day,
And thankfully before thy feet
Our hearts' best tribute lay.

4 Be pride and folly banished far
All strife and sadness stilled,
Our peace, no shade of discord mar,
No vows be unfulfilled.

5 And let our lives thy law express
That not by prayer alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
Our faithfulness be shown.

6 We ask not, Lord, inglorious rest
While duty lies undone,
But firmly, when in battle pressed,
Would fight till day is done.

31

C.M.

1 SHINE down, thou sun, from peaceful skies,
And with thy gladdening rays,
Illume the sacred courts where rise
The melodies of praise.

2 Flood with thy light each lofty fane,
Where Pride bends down in prayer:
Gild lowly shrines, where toil-worn men
Cast off the weight of care.

3 And Thou, great Sun of Righteousness,
In all our spirits shine;
Hallow this pause in life's hot race
With calm and peace benign.

4 In stillness is all strength renewed,
And we, through prayer and rest,
Rejoicing, find our wills subdued
And bent to thy behest.

5 Thus from thy peace, long vainly sought,
May inward power arise;
Till every storm with danger fraught
Pass from our spirits' skies.

EVENING HYMNS.

32

C.M.

1 THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.

2 Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We bend at close of day:
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us when we pray.

3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy throne arise.

4 Let peace, O Lord,—thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.

5 Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
And as the rays of daylight fade,
Give Thou our souls repose.

33

7 M.

1 HEAVENLY Father, by whose care
Comes again this hour of prayer;
In the evening stillness we
Grateful raise our hearts to Thee;
To our spirits, as we bend,
Peace and holy comfort send.

2 Gladly we thy presence seek;
Father! to our spirits speak;
Call us from the world away,
Free us from our passions' sway;
On our inward darkness shine;
Bend our wayward wills to thine.

3 In this quiet eventide,
May our souls with Thee abide,
Own thy presence, feel thy power,
Through this consecrated hour;
And from peaceful vesper prayer,
Purer, stronger spirits bear.

34

L.M.

1 AGAIN as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

35

7 M.

1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave;—
Pray: ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea;—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

3 Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see;—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

36

7 M.

1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O how still
Is the working of thy will.

2 Mighty Maker, here am I,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living worlds to view be brought,
In the boundless realms of thought,—
High and infinite desires,
Burning like those upper fires.

4 Holy Truth, eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight,
Let them shine unclouded still,
And with light my being fill.

5 Thou art there ; O let me know
Thou art here within me too !
Let the perfect peace of God
Here as there be shed abroad.

37

7 M.

1 HARK, the evening call to prayer !
Lay we down each earthly care ;
Still we every anxious fear,
Owning thus that God is near.

2 Father, from our hearts remove
Every veil that hides thy love :
Here the spirit's eye unseal ;
Here thy glory now reveal.

3 Lord, in whom our spirits live,
Thou dost heavenly guidance give,
Leading through life's devious way
Hearts submissive to thy sway.

4 Send us holy calm within,
Cleanse us from the stains of sin ;
Be each heart a sacred shrine,—
Fair and pure, and wholly thine.

5 Kindle, Lord, the altar fire,—
May the holy flame aspire ;
Thoughts of love and contrite sighs
Be our evening sacrifice.

38

P.M.

1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross,
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned ;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give,
Into his sacred charge
In whom all spirits live :

4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast :

5 Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide ;
That I may live in Him,
Forgetting all beside.

6 Thus may I truly live,
And pray that He,
In all his power and love,
May henceforth live in me.

39

C.M.

1 AS darker, darker fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the eternal Light.

2 Here would we stay our restless feet,
That haste the daylight through,
And feel the peace of God descend,
As on the flowers the dew.

3 Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of daily toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

4 We pray Thee for our absent ones
Who have been with us here;
And in our inmost heart we name
The distant and the dear.

5 For weary eyes and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen
We pray Thee, God of love.

6 Our dearest hopes and secret fears
We at thy footstool lay,
And Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

40

8-7 M.

1 NOW on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound,
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,
Their Creator's changeless love.

2 Now our wants and burdens leaving
To his care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo, eternal stars arise;
Hope, and faith, and love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

41

C.M.

1 O GOD, whose daylight leadeth down
Into the sunless way,
Who with thy sweet repose dost crown
The labour of the day.

2 Take Thou my heart, and make it clean
With thy forgiveness dear;
That so the good that might have been,
To-morrow may appear.

3 And when my thought has gone astray,
Then think Thou on me;
That with the new, unsullied day,
My soul wake fresh and free.

4 Now as the world is veiled from sight,
Be near, O Lord, to me;
That even in visions of the night
I may commune with Thee.

42

8-7 M.

1 WHEN the gladsome day declineth,
And around us falls the night,
Still amid the darkness shineth
Some fair star to tell of light.

2 Never is the dark so blinding
But we trace some feeble ray,
Our afflicted hearts reminding
That beyond is brightest day.

3 So the night itself, that hideth
From our eyes the sunny sky,
Tells us that the light abideth,
For the stars still shine on high.

4 Lord, when we in fear and sadness
Feebly through the darkness tread,
May some star of hope and gladness
O'er our path its radiance shed.

43

10 M.

1 ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil temptation's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Come Thou in light before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

44

L.M.

1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings!

2 The moments that to waste have run,
The ills that I this day have done,
Forgive, that with the world and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet peace my eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the endless day.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him, ye heavenly host above!
Praise Him, my soul! for all his love.

45

8-7 M.

1 ON the dewy breath of even,
Thousand odours mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,—
Nature's evening sacrifice.

2 With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—
Incense of our hearts to thee.

3 Thou, whose favours without number
All our days with gladness bless;
Let thine eye, that knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

4 Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping
Calm we rest in placid faith.

5 Lord! when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
Let thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know Thee,—feel Thee near!

46

8-7 M.

1 HOLIEST! breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly;
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

47

6-4 M.

1 SOFTLY the silent night
Falleth from God,
On weary wanderers
Over life's road;
And as the stars on high
Light up the darkening sky,
Lord unto Thee we cry,—
Father above!

2 Slowly on failing wing
Daylight has passed;
Sleep like an angel kind,
Folds us at last.
Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumber light,
Watched by thine angels bright,
Father above!

3 And when the gleam of morn
Touches out eyes,
And the returning day
Bids us arise.—
Happy beneath thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve Thee still,
Father above!

48

L.M.

1 O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who didst the dawn from darkness bring,
And in the heaven's most glorious height
Didst bid the stars for ever sing:
Who gently blending eve with morn
And morn with eve, didst make the day,
Thick flows the floods of darkness down,
O hear us as we come to pray.

2 Keep Thou our souls from vain desire;
Keep them from sin's remorseful strife;
And let our earnest hearts aspire
To live on earth the eternal life.
Rise Star of Evening, God of peace,
On every faint and weary soul,
Bid Thou our aimless wanderings cease,
And all our fears and doubts control.

49

6-5 M.

1 AS the storm retreating,
Leaves the vales in peace,
So the world's vain strivings
Now at evening cease.

2 Sounds of wrath and turmoil,
Man with man at war,
Hearts with Heaven contending
Hear we now no more.

3 But the hours of stillness
Wondrous visions show;
Heaven unfolds before us,
Angels come and go.

4 Holy human faces,
From earth's shadows free,
Look with love upon us,
Bid us faithful be.

5 Deep to deep now calleth,
And our silent prayer
Up to God ascendeth
Through the circling air.

6 Thus in hours of stillness,
Faith and hope arise,
Till death's last deep silence
Shall unseal our eyes.

50

7 M.

1 NOW that day its wings has furled,
And the earth has gone to rest,
Take me, Shepherd of the world,
Home to sleep upon thy breast.

2 All the night from dream to dream,
Keep my spirit pure and bright;
Fill the darkness with the stream
Of thine everlasting light.

3 If I waken, calm and fair
Be the thoughts that in me rise;
And thy presence in the air
Make my heart a paradise.

4 But if trouble in my heart
Or fierce pain me restless keep
Then to me thy peace impart
Give to thy belovèd, sleep.

5 So when morning with his wing
Wakes me to life's wonted way,
I may rise with joy and sing
"God has turned my night to day."

51

10-4 M.

1 FATHER supreme! Thou high and holy one,
To Thee we bow;
Now, when the burden of the day is gone,
Devoutly now.

2 When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there ;
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,
We feel thy care.

3 Night spreads her shade upon another day,
For ever past ;
So o'er our faults, thy love, we humbly pray,
A veil may cast.

4 Silence and calm, on hearts by care distrest,
Fall like the dew ;
So every fear that rises in the breast
Shall faith subdue.

5 From age to age unchanging, still the same
All-good Thou art ;
Hallowed for ever be thy holy name
In every heart.

52

8-7 M.

1 WHEN the light of day is waning,
When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
Teach me to believe Thee near.
When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is faint and cold,
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards, as of old :

2 Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm.
Teach me to abide in patience
All the passing storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb.

3 Let me find Thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget Thee in success;
From thy light my sunshine borrow,
And by Thee my gloom efface.
God of day, the night dispelling,
Guide eternal, Father, Friend,
Lord of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end.

53

L.M.

1 LORD of eternal purity!
Who dost the world with light adorn,
And paint the fields of azure sky
With lovely hues of eve and morn:

2 Who didst command the sun to light
His fiery wheel's effulgent blaze;
Didst set the moon her circuit bright,
The stars their ever-winding maze:

3 That each within its ordered sphere,
They might divide the night from day,
And of the seasons through the year
The well-remembered signs display.

4 Scatter our night, eternal God,
And kindle thy pure beam within,
Free us from guilt's oppressive load,
And break the deadly bonds of sin.

54

L.M.

1 HOW shall we praise Thee, Lord of light,
How shall we all thy love declare!
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer,—
That heaven so bright with stars and suns,
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.

2 We would adore Thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace
Are greater than the round of time
And wider than the bounds of space.
Help us to praise Thee, Lord of light!
And thine unbounded love declare,
And while we gather here to-night
Exalt our souls o'er earthly care.

55

9-8 M.

1 THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

2 We thank Thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the stream of praise away.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh hearts are making
Their thankful praises heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all thy children own thy sway.

56

L.M.

1 'TIS gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

2 Sun of my soul, for ever near!
It is not night, if Thou be here:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

3 When round thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

57 - 7, 6, 8, 8 M.

1 THE day of prayer is ending,
Our feet must homeward go;
The shades of night ascending
Creep o'er the world below;
But round the mountain summits play
The lingering beams of closing day.

2 Here in green pastures guiding,
Thou, Lord, didst lead thy flock;
Here from life's noonday hiding,
We found the sheltering rock;
But now we leave the heights of praise
To tread again life's common ways.

3 To life's dull path returning,
And duty's narrow sphere,
Still in our hearts keep burning
The vision witnessed here;
And may thy gift of peace and power
Breathe strength for every toilsome hour.

58

P.M.

1 NOW as the night is nearing,
Stars in the sky appearing,
Lord, to thy shelter flying,
We raise our evening prayer:
Only on Thee relying,
Grant us this night thy care.

2 While all unconscious sleeping
Enfold us in thy keeping,
With loving-kindness cheer us,
Our failing strength renew:
Still with the dawn be near us,
That we thy will may do.

59

8 M.

1 O FATHER, bless us ere we go;
Thy peace into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits, be our light.

2 The day is done, its hours are run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits, be our light.

3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits, be our light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad,
Thou art our God, Thou art our all!
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits, be our light.

60

7 M.

1 SOURCE of light and life divine!
Thou didst cause the light to shine;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

2 Shade of night and morning ray
Took from Thee the name of day:
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our trustful cry.

3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest;
May no thoughts corrupt and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

4 Rather lift us to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

61

7, 7, 7, 5 M.

1 HOLY Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

2 When youth's brightness disappears,
Heal our sorrows, calm our fears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

3 Great Life-giver, be Thou nigh
When with fading strength we lie ;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Then rejoicing more and more,
We shall see, our troubles o'er,
Breaking on the heavenly shore
Light at morning-time.

62

P.M.

1 SOFT as fades the sunset splendour
And the light of day grows dim,
We to Thee our praises render,
Sing we thus our vesper hymn :
Jubilate, Amen !
Father, gracious, loving, tender,
O accept the grateful strain !

2 Day by day comes rich in blessing ;
Night by night brings holy calm :
Lord, to Thee our praise addressing,
Rises thus our joyful psalm :
Jubilate, Amen !
But, unworthiness confessing,
Into silence fades again.

63

6-5 M.

1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
They who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

64

9-8 M.

1 LORD, in this holy hour of even,
By thine unfailing mercy blest,
Our souls we meekly turn to heaven,
And calmly on thy bosom rest.

2 Through unknown ways thy hand has led us,
And smoothed the path beneath our feet;
Through frequent gloom thy love has sped us,
And made e'en toil and danger sweet.

3 And if some heavy cross is sent us,
In which we see the good not now,
May all thy tender mercies lent us,
Constrain our souls in faith to bow.

4 O Lord, in Thee we seek our gladness;
The fountain of our light Thou art:
In Thee, O God, we hide our sadness,—
Thou comfort of the wounded heart.

5 From morn to eve thy hand shall guide us,
Thy love shall gild the shades of night;
And midst the gloom, with Thee beside us,
Our souls shall rest and wait the light.

65

8-6 M.

1 THOU Shelter in a sultry land!
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding like the night,
Brings quietude and rest;
Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

2 From all our wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep
Amid its ebb and flow;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits long to know.

3 That which the garish day has lost
The twilight vigil brings;
While softlier the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings,—
The sense of an abiding trust,
The touch of angel wings.

4 Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O day with golden skies!
Serene, above its fading glow,
Night starry-crowned arise!
So tranquil may our parting be
When life's last sunbeam dies.

66

P.M.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May thine angel-guard defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Comfort, joy, and hope attend us,
This live-long night.

67

10 M.

1 AGAIN to Thee, our father's God, we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

2 Be Thou our Guardian through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and evil keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3 With loving-kindness lead us on our way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Save Thou the lips from guile, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

4 Grant us thy love throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife,
Then when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

68

8-7 M.

1 GENTLY fall the evening shadows
Over forest, hill, and plain,
Flocks and herds rest in the meadows,
Hushed the birds' sweet gladsome strain.

2 Whispering leaves in light winds quiver,
Moonbeams flush the silent grove,
Stars gleam on the brimming river,
Earth is wrapped in God's great love.

3 On our hearts sweet peace is falling
Softly like the shades of night
And to each a voice is calling,—
"Be thou faithful to the Right."

4 Have we in the day now going,
Breathed pure thoughts and purpose high,
Used the moments past us flowing,
Wisely ere the night drew nigh?

5 Lord, we pray, give to the weary
Calm of mind and peaceful sleep,
Solace to the heart that's dreary,
Healing balm to those that weep.

69

12-11 M.

1 HOW calmly the evening once more is descending,
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer;
O wing of the Lord, in thy shelter befriending,
May we and our households continue to share.

2 The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open:
O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates.
The silent assurance of love is the token,
That He for his children invitingly waits.

3 We come to be soothed with his merciful healing,
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day;
We come, our life's swiftness and sacredness feeling,
With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

4 Lord save us from folly; be with us in sorrow:
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest;
When earth's day is o'er, may eternity's morrow
Arise on our spirits, with happiness blest.

70

10-6 M.

1 THE day is ended; ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

2 With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my rest be sweet.

3 At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning's light may break.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

71

C.M.

1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free,
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee!

2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high;
They are the truly blest,
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

5 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright:
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

72

L.M.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly:
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray:
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought our rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

73

8-7 M.

1 GOD is in his holy temple;
Earthly thoughts be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble
And before His presence bow.

2 He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavour,
Guiding every upward aim.

3 God is in his holy temple,—
In the pure and holy mind,
In the reverent heart and simple,
In the soul from sin refined.

4 Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy Thee.

74

S.M.

1 GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day.

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door;
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God:
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode!

4 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found:
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

5 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease:
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

75

L.M.

1 UNTO thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship Thee;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity:

2 The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free and great and small,
Large as thy love for evermore
With welcome warm and true to all.

3 And dwell Thou with us in this place,
With saving power to guide and bless;
Here make the well-springs of thy grace
Like fountains in the wilderness.

4 May thy whole truth be spoken here;
Thy gospel light for ever shine;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.

76

8-7 M.

1 TEACH us, Father, how to find Thee!
This the cry of all the earth;
Search for God has built all altars,
Given to every faith its birth.

2 Far and wide thy thought may wander,
But the quest will be in vain,
Till thou know'st the God of glory
Deigns within the heart to reign.

3 Lo, how simple is the pathway!
God is never far to find;
Only give thy loving service
To uplift and bless mankind.

4 Pity sorrow, save the sinning,
Lead the little ones, and see
By the way of love and duty
God Himself is found of thee.

77

L.M.

1 O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is truth, whose name is Love.

2 Thy truth be welcomed and believed,
By all who seek this sacred place;
Thy blessing sought, in joy received,
Our spirit's light, thy Spirit's grace.

3 Thy love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free;
And throw its heavenly blessing more
Round each with all, and all with Thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit to our side,
Instil its calm into our breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

78

7-6 M.

1 GO, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,—
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

3 Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The power that He hath given us,
To pour our souls in prayer,
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

79

7-6 M.

1 PRAY when the morn unveileth
Her glories to thine eyes,
Pray when the sunlight faileth
And stars possess the skies;
Far from thy bosom flinging
Each earthly thought impure,
The praise of God be singing
For all his mercies sure.

2 Pray for the friend whose kindness
Ne'er failed in word or deed;
Pray for the foe whose blindness
Hath caused thy heart to bleed;
A blessing for thy neighbour,
Ask thou of God above,
And on thy home and labour
Shall fall his smile of love.

3 Before the stranger's altar,
Or at thine own dear shrine,
Let not thine accents falter
In praise to God benign;
And on, till life is waning,
Thy grateful love declare,
To Him, for ever reigning,
Whose glory none may share.

80

L.M.

1 EXULTANT rose from Salem's towers
The joyous chant to Thee, Most High,
"Be lifted up eternal doors,
The King of Glory draweth nigh."

2 Quenched is the temple's altar fire,
And Israel's heart is pierced with scorn,
Where proudly swelled the festal lyre,
Her hapless children weep forlorn.

3 And now a mightier Israel waits
In countless fanes, to seek Thy face,
While still the strain "Lift up ye gates,"
Prepares thy way, Thou God of Grace.

4 But vain the labour, wealth, and art,
Outpoured on stately courts of prayer,
If closed to Thee our inmost heart,
And Thou canst find no temple there.

5 Yet oft we fling its portals wide,
And welcome to thy Holy Place,
The lurking train of sin and pride,
That all the sanctuary deface.

6 Then enter Lord, with cleansing might,
The lifted gates of this thy shrine,
And with thy presence, clothed in light,
Make Thou the soul's fair temple shine.

81

L.M.

1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung!
To Thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

82

8-7 M.

1 HOLY Spirit, source of gladness!
Come with all thy radiance bright;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe thy life and shed thy light.

2 Send us thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length;
Raise our hearts in adoration,
Spirit of unfailing strength.

3 Let that love which knows no measure
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

4 Hear our prayer, to Thee ascending,
Give our struggling hearts release,
To our souls thine aid extending,
Spirit of unbroken peace.

83

C.M.

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home:
Descend with all thy gracious power,
Come, Holy Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light, to waiting minds
That long the truth to know;
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.

3 Come as the fire, enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
Till our whole souls an offering be,
In love's redeeming name.

4 Come as the dew, on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.

5 Come as the wind, sweep clean away
What dead within us lies;
And search and freshen all our souls
With living energies.

84

L.M.

1 MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all,
The world without, the soul within,
Fountain of life, oh, hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in.

2 Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy Spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt Thou from the waiting mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

3 Thy hand unseen in accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar-fire.

4 That touch divine, still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

85

8-7 M.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none:
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,
Lord, with favour still attend us;
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above.

86

C.M.

1 WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed:
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

87

C.M.

1 O GOD of ages, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our feet arrive in peace.

5 Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

88

L.M.

1 ETERNAL God! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee.
Nor lift the veils of time and space
That hide thy power and majesty.

2 Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend,
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And Thou wilt shed thy spirit there.

3 Lord, be the place where now we meet,
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we find thy mercy-seat,
And feel our many sins forgiven.

4 Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn to drink the bitter cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

5 And may we know, while here apart
From earthly passion, toil and strife,
That thy true shrine's a loving heart,
And thy best praise a blameless life.

89

8, 8, 7 M.

1 GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee;
Not in formal accents calling,
Nor in fear before Thee falling,
But in spirit true and free.

2 With thy wisdom we are gifted,
By thy love our hearts uplifted,
Strength and gladness flow from Thee;
And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice thy praises pealing,
Must our noblest homage be.

3 Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We thy mystic Presence see:
Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all and none upbraiding,
Hear us, as we worship Thee.

90

S.M.

1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come!
The God of Peace shall meet thee there:
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now!
In sweet accord your voices raise,
With grateful homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne
Your cheerful anthems raise;
Nor let your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery
And hear'st the mourner's call.

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

91

L.M.

1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at the Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known,

2 In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped temptation's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.

4 And since He bids me seek his face,
Confide in Him and trust his grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

92

7 M.

1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind!
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow:
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O Thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee, and all mankind.

93

L.M.

1 WHERE ancient forests widely spread,
Where ocean's tides arise and fall;
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all!

2 Beneath the dark blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays;
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father! we worship as we gaze.

3 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee: but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are taught.

4 And here assembling, may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

5 Nor we alone: may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to Thee still holier prayers.

94

C.M.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of beauty shine;
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou thy love restrain.

3 With Thee let every week begin ;
With Thee each day be spent ;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through the desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

95

C.M.

1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord,
Yet He in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.

3 His presence there is spread abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown,
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

96

P.M.

1 COME, Holy One, in love;
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray,
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart,
Oh come to-day!

2 Come, truest Friend and best,
Thou holy, heavenly Guest,
With soothing power;
Rest which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Thy strength unfailing lend,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

97

7 M.

1 FATHER! at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in Thee!
Each to each unite, and bless;
Keep us in thy perfect peace.

2 Plant in us the humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of Thee.

3 Lord of our supreme desire!
Fill us now with heavenly fire:
Nobly may we bear the strife,—
Keep the holiness, of life;

4 Still forget the things behind,—
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
To the mark unwearied press,—
Seize the crown of righteousness.

5 Father! fill us with thy love;
Never from our souls remove;
Dwell with us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

98

11 M.

1 O ZION, once girt with thy bulwarks of might,
The shrine of devotion, the home of delight
The sword of the alien gleams cold at thy gates,
While Israel, afar, thy redemption awaits.

2 Abandoned the dust of thy prophets and kings
To torrents of Kedron, or tempest's rude wings;
Unclean are the waters of Siloam that flowed
Once pure, making pleasant the City of God.

3 Forlorn are the pilgrims that linger and weep
Where weeds o'er the walls of thy sanctuary creep
How long, on thy hills,—by thine altars, must cease
The beautiful feet of the Children of Peace?

4 O Queen of the East! in thy majesty shine,
Arise! though no sorrow be like unto thine:
We pray for the peace thou in anguish hast sought
We love thee,—though Israel acknowledge us not

5 The pride of thy temple, the strength of thy throne
Gave glory to God, the Eternal, alone;
And here as we worship, in gladness or care,
We waft, in thy language, our praises and prayer.

6 Thou Spirit supreme, through the ages revealed,
Though now, upon Zion, thy fountain be sealed,
The stream of thy truth still abundantly flows,
And new Lands of Promise will bloom as the rose

99

7 M.

1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thine altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach their home at length,
At thy throne adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;
Guide me through a world of sin ;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

100

L.M.

1 O FATHER, when the softened heart
Is lifted up in prayer to Thee,
When earthly thoughts awhile depart,
And leave our rising spirits free,

2 Then teach us that our love, like thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
No lines of race or time should know.

3 Not bound by party, caste, or creed,
All narrow bounds of self above ;
For whoso of our love hath need,
To him we owe the dues of love.

4 Into the circle lift us up
Of thy divine beneficence ;
And freely as Thou fill'st our cup,
Freely may we to all dispense.

101

L.M.

1 LIKE weary children, Lord, we come,
We turn our wandering footsteps home;
We scarce the narrow path can see;
Our strength is spent—we come to Thee!

2 In busy life, with cares oppressed,
Longing and faint, we seek for rest,
And find it when, on bended knee,
In trustful love we come to Thee!

3 Slowly, with pain we onward move;
Forsake us not, O Lord of Love!
The dawn is nigh! the shadows flee!
Father of Light! we come to Thee!

102

C.M.

1 ETERNAL Source of life and light!
Supremely good and wise!
To Thee we bring our grateful vows,
To Thee we lift our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume,
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Conduct us safely by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road:
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
In heaven, thy blest abode.

103

L.M.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell:
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed:
Without our aid He did us make;
We are his flock, He doth us feed;
And for his sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

104

L.M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us at first, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

105 S.M.

1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Let young and old rejoice,
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There with benign regard
Our hymns He bends to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

106

7 M.

1 SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace!
We invoke thy quickening power;
Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.

2 Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

3 Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the downcast light for gloom;
Give the living fuller life,
Break the clouds that o'er us loom.

4 Work in all; in all renew
Day by day the life divine;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline.

107

S.M.

1 BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil and pain,
We shall at length be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

108

L.M.

1 SPIRIT of grace, and health, and power;
Fountain of light and love below!
Abroad thy healing influence shower;
On all thy servants let it flow.

2 Inflame our hearts with perfect love;
In us the work of faith fulfil:
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth to do thy will.

3 Father! 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.

4 On Thee we cast our care; we live
Through Thee who know'st our every need:
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

109

L.M.

1 THOU who didst move our sires to raise,
Of old, this house of prayer and praise,
As from this sacred shrine we part,
Touch Thou each soul, inspire each heart.

2 Thou who hast here thine influence given,
And made this place the gate of heaven,
As hence we go, still grant each hour
Thy guiding hand, thy quickening power.

3 While our swift years of labour last,
Bless to each mind the hallowed past;
The future, Lord, with trustful prayer,
We leave to thy protecting care.

110

C.M.

1 WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed
O'er many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A glory round the place.

3 And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the eternal God to clear
Their doubts, and aid their strife.

4 For faith and peace and mighty love,
That from thy Spirit flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

5 They live with God, their homes are dust,
But here their children pray,
And in this fleeting lifetime trust
To find the narrow way.

6 And now as they before Thee stand,
May thy rich blessing fall;
Speak to their hearts each high command,
O Lord, that lovest all.

111

S.M.

1 COME to thy house, Great King!
To Thee thy people kneel,
Accept the homage that they bring,
And all thy grace reveal.

2 Through ages long this place
Service and song hath known,
From hearts that sought thy gracious face
In worship all their own.

3 The ancient and the new,
The ordered and the free,
The lingering faith, the forward view,
Blend in our rites to Thee.

4 For this our heritage
We own thy fostering hand,
That safely led from age to age
Our fathers' lonely band.

5 Lord, now their children bless,
Our waiting hearts inspire;
If we must tread the wilderness,
Vouchsafe the cloud and fire.

6 Through triumph and through ill
May we thy presence see:
Make Thou our service nobler still,
Our worship worthier Thee.

112

8-7 M.

1 LIFT the strain of high thanksgiving!
Tread with songs the hallowed way!
Praise our fathers' God for mercies
New to us each sacred day:
Here they built for Him a dwelling,
Served Him here in ages past,
Fixed it for His sure possession,
Holy ground, while time shall last.

2 When the years had wrought their changes,
He, our own unchanging God,
Stirred our hearts to clothe with beauty
These the courts our fathers trod.
Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,
Blessed the silver and the gold,
Till once more His house was standing
Firm and stately as of old.

3 Fill our house of prayer with glory
Greater than the fathers knew;
Clothe with righteousness its people,
Guide them into reverence true;
Let thy Spirit's mystic presence
Here its sevenfold blessing shed:
Spread for us the heavenly banquet,
Give us, Lord, the living bread.

113

L.M.

1 WE rose to-day with anthems sweet,
To sing before the mercy-seat,
And ere the darkness round us fell,
We bade the grateful vespers swell.

2 Whate'er has risen from heart sincere,
Each upward glance of filial fear,
Each true resolve, each solemn vow,
O Lord, our God, accept them now.

3 Whate'er beneath thy searching eyes
Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice,
'Mid the deep stillness while we bow,
All-gracious Lord! forgive us now.

4 So as life's seasons hasten past,
And rounding years bring nigh the last;
When sinks the sun behind the hill,
And all the weary wheels stand still;

5 May we, as day is hushed in night,
Rejoice in rays of higher light;
When help or hope from men must cease,
Receive us to thy home of peace.

114 C.M.

1 AND now the wants are told that brought
Thy children here to Thee;
Yet lingering still, we ask for nought,
Save thine own light to see.

2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart;
We give Thee glory, love, and praise,
Deep from the inward part.

3 For Thou art God, the one, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us when we speak thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

4 O wondrous theme, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that words can faintly tell
How fair thy beauties shine.

5 But though thy face we darkly see,
Nor bear thy radiance bright,
The joy of loving, serving Thee
Fills all our days with light.

115 L.M.

1 LORD, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

2 From east to west the sun surveyed,
In courts of praise, adoring throngs:
And still when evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

3 And not a prayer, nor secret sigh
Hath failed this day thine ear to gain;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh
Nor have they sought thy face in vain.

4 The poor received thy heavenly bread,
The homeless found in Thee abode,
The mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

5 Now as we part, our prayer be one
That rises from all hearts to Thee,
May here on earth thy will be done,
According to thy blest decree.

116

8-7, 4-7 M.

1 FATHER, let thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And thine ever gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through.
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

2 Young or old, we need the wisdom
That can only come from Thee;
As we tread life's weary pathway,
Let us thy salvation see.
Meek in spirit,
Then shall we thy children be.

3 When temptation shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength defend us;
Father, hear us when we pray.
Thou art mighty,
Be Thou then our rock and stay.

4 Praise and blessing, power and glory,
Will we render, Lord, to Thee;
For the news of thy salvation
Shall extend from sea to sea.
All the nations
Joyfully shall worship Thee.

117

8-7 M.

1 PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light:
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.

2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving;
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

3 Part in peace! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

4 Part in peace! our duties call us;
We must serve as well as praise;
Ask not what may here befall us;
Leave to God the coming days.

118

C.M.

1 O GOD! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast.

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
Do Thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

119 C.M.

1 THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before his courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
Be He of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

4 The Lord be with us through the hours
Of slumber calm and deep;
Protect our homes, renew our powers,
And guard his people's sleep.

120

8-7 M.

1 LO, the day of rest declineth;
Gather fast the shades of night,
May the sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

2 Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread;
On his children meekly calling,
Purer influence God will shed.

3 Now thy heart of love addressing,
We our parting praises sing,—
Father, give thine evening blessing
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

121

C.M.

1 THY kingdom come, with power and grace,
In every heart of man;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign!

2 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love!

122

S.M.

1 O GOD, our guiding light,
We wait thy call again,
To leave the calm and sacred height
For conflict on the plain.

2 Far from the strife below,
Fair Peace has been our guest,
And Truth, with strong, inspiring glow,
Has filled each loyal breast.

3 And now the toilsome ways
Unrolled before us lie,
Where we must tune our tasks to praise,
Or lift the battle-cry.

4 But when our pilgrim feet
By paths of gloom must go,
Enfold our souls in pastures sweet,
Where streams of solace flow.

5 Then if, to human eyes,
The day seem lost or won,
Vouchsafe us, Lord, the victor's prize,—
Thy gracious word, "Well done."

123

8-7 M.

1 PEACE be to thy people bending,
Thankful praise each heart within,
Peace like evening dew descending;
Peace the fruit of conquered sin.
Peace that speaks the heavenly Giver:
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace that floweth like a river,
From the heavenly Source alone.

2 O Thou God of Peace be near us,
Fix within our hearts thy home;
With thy bright appearing cheer us,
In thy blessed freedom come.
Come with all thy revelations,
Truth which we so long have sought:
Come with thy sweet consolations,
Peace of God which passeth thought.

124

L.M.

1 NOW as the parting hour is nigh,
In our last song with glad refrain,
To God on earth and in the sky
We lift both voice and heart again.

2 Soon may that blessed morn arise,
When o'er the earth from east to west,
Thy light shall flood the earth and skies,
And all mankind in Thee be blest.

125

8-7 M.

1 FATHER, give thy benediction,
Give thy peace before we part;
Still our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart.

2 Let thy voice with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end;
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

126

7-6 M.

1 TO Thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live:

2 Whose goodness, never failing
Through countless ages gone,
For ever and for ever
Shall still keep shining on.

PRAISE & THANKSGIVING.

127

L.M.

1 LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy light withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy bright, effulgent throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

128

11-10 M.

1 I CANNOT find Thee; still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

2 I cannot find Thee; e'en when most adoring
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring,
From furthest quest returns,—Thou art not there.

3 Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being
Thy splendour shineth,—there, O God, Thou art.

4 I cannot lose Thee—still in Thee abiding
The end is clear, though widely I may roam;
The law that holds the world my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home!

129

L.M.

1 O SOURCE divine, and life of all,
The fount of being's wondrous sea:
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know Thee truly but in this,
That Thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

130

C.M.

1 O GOD! we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry;

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou the eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

131

6-8 M.

1 O GOD! beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God! art nigh.

2 Thou 'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain:
Thy herald is the stormy wind,
Thy path the watery plain:
But Thee in tempests who can find,
Or in the trackless main?

3 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air:
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still Thou art not there.
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is everywhere?

4 O not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest,
O come, thou Presence infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

132

P.M.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is king:
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

2 His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air:
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4 He leads the circling year;
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn:
O happy mortals! raise your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

5 Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days!
O bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

133

C.M.

1 THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

2 The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

3 The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

4 So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

134 L.M.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

4 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

135

L.M.

1 OUR God is good : in earth or sky,
From ocean depths or spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry—
"God made us all, and God is good."

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts : all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

3 We hear it in the rushing breeze,
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing skies, and swelling seas,
All join the chorus—"God is good."

4 Yea, God is good, all nature says,
By His own power with speech endued,
And man, in sweeter tones of praise,
Should gladly sing that God is good.

136

L.M.

1 FATHER and Friend! thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see ;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

2 Great Spirit! we thy presence feel ;
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
To human eyes invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with Thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought:
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

137

P.M.

1 ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Breeze that floats with genial gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
Tell his glory;
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-heaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

6 Praise him ever,
Bounteous giver!
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

138

C.M.

1 UNNUMBERED systems, suns, and worlds
Unite to worship Thee,
Whose uncreated glory fills
Space, time, eternity.

2 Nature's a temple worthy Thee,
That beams with light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;

3 Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore,
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean's roar.

4 Her song of gratitude is sung
By Spring's awakening hours;
Her Summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;

5 Her Autumn brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious bounty given;
While Winter's silver heights reflect
Her brightness back to heaven.

139

C.M.

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,—
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

5 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

6 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

140

10 M.

1 FATHER, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

2 In finding Thee are all things round us found:
In losing Thee are all things lost beside;
For us in vain sweet mystic voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

3 Open our eyes, that we that world may see:
Awaken us, that we thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.

141

5-6 M.

1 O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love:
Our shield and defender,
The Ancient of days;
Pavilioned in splendour
And girded with praise.

2 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

4 O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall join in thy praise.

142 7 M.

1 PRAISE to God our Heavenly King,
Hearts unite and voices sing,
For the bounty of his hand,
For the beauty of our land.

2 Praise Him for the budding green,
For the spring-time's vernal scene,
For the shining summer hours,
Starring all the land with flowers.

3 Praise Him for the dew and rain,
Feeding night and day the grain,
On the plains and valleys broad,
Each the table of our God.

4 For the wealth the autumn shows
On the orchards' bending boughs:
For the tender tints that lie
On the blossoms as they die.

5 Praise Him for the snowy rest
That descends on Nature's breast:
For the seed that springs to birth,
Hid within the quiet earth.

6 For His works of wonder done,
Praise to the All-glorious One;
Hearts bow down and voices sing,
Hymns of love and thanksgiving.

143

10 M.

1 THE restless winds that wander o'er the land,
The rolling thunder, speaking words of fire,
The waves that break in sunshine on the strand,
Or smite with stormy hands their rocky lyre;

2 The stars that sparkle in the fields of night,
The buds that burst in beauty from the sod,
The birds that dip their wings in rainbow light,
Are Nature's music unto Thee, O God.

3 And as Creation's anthem onward rolls
From age to age, in grandeur still the same,
The seal of silence breaks from human souls,
Man sings new praises to Thy holy name.

4 Our eyes are radiant with the glow of life,
Our hearts are raised to those blue depths above,
Our ears grow deaf to all earth's foolish strife,
We join, far off, the angels' song of Love.

144

7 M.

1 IN each breeze that wanders free,
In each flower that gems the sod,
Living souls may hear and see
Freshly uttered words from God.

2 Had we but a searching mind,
Seeking good where'er it springs,
We should then true wisdom find,
Hidden in familiar things.

3 God is present, and doth shine
Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling with a light divine
Every form that meets the eye.

4 If the mind would nature see,
Let her cherish virtue more;
Goodness bears the golden key
That unlocks her temple door.

145

8-7 M.

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue!
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, Source of all compassion!
Free unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise Him for his love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Lift the solemn strain on high.
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

146 L.M.

1 O GOD, thou fathomless abyss,
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense, what words suffice
Thine all-embracing love to show?

2 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea!
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from Thee.

3 Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns, or meets, the wandering thought,
Escapes, or strikes, the searching eye,
By Thee was to perfection brought.

4 High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to Thee, O God, is known!

5 What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and open to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.

6 Unfathomable depths Thou art!
And reaching far, thy mercy's sea;
With faith divine o'erwhelm my heart;
With love inspire and kindle me!

147

L.M.

1 GOD of the ocean, earth, and sky,
In thy bright presence we rejoice;
We feel Thee, see Thee ever nigh,
And gladly hear thy gracious voice.

2 We feel Thee in the sunny beam;
We see Thee walk the mountain waves;
We hear Thee in the murmuring stream,
And when the tempest wildly raves.

3 God on the lonely hills we meet;
God in the vale and fragrant grove;
While birds and whispering winds repeat
That God is there, the God of love.

4 We meet Thee in the pensive hour,
When wearied nature sinks to rest;
When dies the breeze, and sleeps the flower,
And peace is given to every breast.

5 We see Thee, when at eve, afar,
We upward lift our wondering sight;
Thy glory shines in every star
That beautifies the gloom of night.

148

L.M.

1 THERE'S not a bird in lonely nest,
In pathless wood, or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share
O God! in thy paternal care.

2 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude;
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there
Who makes his solitary prayer.

3 In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless,
With all a parent's tenderness.

4 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its gracious wing;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.

5 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless Thee for thy boundless grace.

149

L.M.

1 WHEN up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see from earth's low clod
The wide and shining home of God.

2 But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where circling planets run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth, remote, would seem a star.

3 This earth, with all its dust and tears,
Is his, no less than yonder spheres;
And raindrops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by his immediate hand.

4 But more than this, Thou God benign!
Whose rays on us unclouded shine;
Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome,
But man is thy most favoured home.

5 We view those halls of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair;
But dearer still to Thee, O Lord,
Is he whose thoughts with thine accord.

150

11-10 M.

1 SPIRIT of Beauty! Thy presence confessing,
God can we see in a sparkle of ore;
Flowers and stars to our heart are expressing
Love like our own, but transcendently more.

2 Spirit of Beauty! each bough in its bending,
Skies in their curve, and the sea in its swell,
Streams as they wind, hills and plains in their blending,
All, in our own, of God's happiness tell.

3 Spirit of Beauty; thou soul of our Maker,
Suddenly shown in a gleam or a tint,
Oh, be each heart of thy joy a partaker—
Love and its store are alike without stint.

4 Spirit of Beauty! thou teachest us sweetly;
Prophets and psalmists yield holy delight;
Show us thy face, and we then shall completely
Know thee as gentle omnipotent might.

5 Spirit of Beauty! our off'ring we render,
Thee in thy star-crowned dominion we praise;
Joyful we rise to the shadowless splendour,
Pouring out song as the sun pours his rays.

151

L.M.

1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eye nor thought can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with Him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and He too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He speaks the wondrous word, and lo!
Nature obeys his high command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

5 Our songs may fly an endless round;
The lofty tune let angels raise;—
All nature dwell upon the sound;
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

152

C.M.

1 O LORD, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown!

2 Yet are the humble dear to Thee;
Thy praises are confessed
By infants lisping at the knee,
And nurselings at the breast.

3 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,—
Thy lights in every land:—

4 Lord! what is man, that thou should'st deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above?

5 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

153 P.M.

1 WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint
the laughing soil,
When summer's balmy showers refresh the
mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow
and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his
Maker good.

2 The birds that wake the morning, and those
that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull
the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth
on his way,
The moon and stars their Maker's name in
silent pomp display.

3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of
the sky,—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise
deny?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons
cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator,
honour Thee.

4 The flowers of spring may wither, the hope
of summer fade;
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake
the shade;
The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon for-
get their old decree;
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will
cling to Thee!

154 L.M.D.

1 GOD of the rolling orbs above,
Thy name is written clearly bright
In noontide's full resplendent blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light:
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every star that rolls alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy radiant throne.

2 God of the world, the hour must come,
When Nature's lamp shall cease to burn;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense-fires to ashes turn:
But still her fair and wondrous scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The glory of the world below.

155 7 M.

1 FOR the beauty of the earth
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

4 For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

5 For thy faithful, evermore
Lifting holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Their pure sacrifice of love;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

156

S.M.

1 WHERE is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart,
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?

2 Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun,
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?

3 Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page,
Or doth his silent Spirit move
The heart of every age?

4 Thou Lord of every world!
Rule Thou within my heart;
Creator, working evermore!
Thy light of life impart.

157

C.M.

1 O THOU in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here :

2 What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or searching, find Thee out,
Who art, within, a quickening flame,
A Presence round about ?

3 Yet though I know Thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more ;
Enough for me to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore.

4 Oh, sweeter than all else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light I may not see !

5 And dearer than all things below
The childlike faith shall be,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to Thee.

158 8. 6. m.

1 O WINDS of God, now loud, now low,
Round all the earth His praises bear,
Now softly scatter odours rare
Where'er your dewy footsteps go,
Now in the roaring pinewoods blow
A long-drawn thunder through the air.

2 O Winds, reveal the Power we know
Who deigns your viewless form to wear:
The gracious influence everywhere,
To whom our highest life we owe;
Ye messengers of God below,
Round all the earth his praises bear.

3 O Light and Darkness, come and go,
And waft his praise on silent wing;
O Light, your morning glories bring,
For Him spread out your evening glow;
O'er all this beauteous world below
Your joy-inspiring radiance fling.

4 O Darkness, bring your wondrous show
Of worlds above that shine and sing,
Make all your boundless spaces ring
With measured strains that ceaseless flow;
O Light and Darkness, come and go,
And praise Him on aspiring wing.

159 L.M.

1 CREATIVE Power, that paints the rose,
And fills with life the earth and sea,
The mighty tide of being flows
In countless channels, Lord, from Thee.

2 It springs to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till, from Creation's radiant towers,
Its glory flames in stars and suns.

3 But loftier gifts thy children bless,
The power that moves us is divine,
Nor height, nor depth, nor time, nor space,
Can our aspiring souls confine.

4 And higher yet existence goes
Throughout thy vast eternity,
While still the stream unbounded flows
Through all its windings, back to Thee.

5 Thus round and round the circle runs,
A mighty sea without a shore,
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise Thee evermore.

160

P.M.

1 "WHERE is your God?" they say:
Answer them, Lord most holy!
Reveal thy secret way
Of visiting the lowly:
Not wrapped in moving cloud,
Or nightly-resting fire;
But veiled within the shroud
Of silent high desire.

2 Come not in flashing storm,
Or bursting frown of thunder;
Come in the viewless form
Of wakening love and wonder:
Of duty grown divine,
The restless spirit still;
Of sorrows taught to shine
As shadows of thy will.

3 O God! the pure alone,
E'en in their deep confessing,
Can see Thee as their own,
And find the perfect blessing.
Yet to each waiting soul
Speak in thy still small voice,
Till broken love's made whole,
And saddened hearts rejoice.

161

7-6 M.

1 THE heavens declare his glory
Their Maker's skill the skies
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.

2 There, from his bright pavilion,
In strength and splendour clad,
Hailed by earth's thousand million,
The sun sets forth: right glad,
His glorious race commencing,
The mighty giant seems;
Through the vast round dispensing
His all-pervading beams.

3 So pure, so soul-restoring
Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day;
The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise;
And evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

162

C.M.

1 GO not my soul in search of Him,
Thou wilt not find Him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

2 For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne,
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

3 Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

4 And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with its glory shine.

5 O gift of gifts, O sweetest grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place,
And be thy daily friend.

6 Then go not thou in search of Him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find Him there!

163

L.M.

1 THOUGH wandering in a stranger-land,
Though on the waste no altar stand,
Take comfort; thou art not alone,
While faith hath marked thee for her own.

2 Would'st thou a temple? Look above:
The heavens stretch over thee in love:
A book? For thine evangel scan
The wondrous history of man.

3 The holy band of saints renowned
Embrace thee, brother-like, around;
Their sufferings and their triumphs rise
In hymns immortal to the skies.

4 And though no organ-peal be heard,
In harmony the winds are stirred;
And there the morning stars upraise
Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

164

7-6 M.

1 THE heavens thy praise are telling
The earth declares thy might:
But nought save thine indwelling
Can show Thee, Lord, aright.

2 Where'er our eyes are turning,
Thy footprints we can see;
The light within us burning
Alone revealeth Thee.

3 We know no life divided,
O Lord of life, from Thee,—
One fount for all provided
Fills earth, and air, and sea.

4 We know no death, O Spirit,
Because we live in Thee,
And all our souls inherit
Thine immortality.

165

7 M.

1 EARTH with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance:
All around us and above
Bear the record, "God is love."

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze, and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirred:
All these sounds, beneath, above,
Have one burden, "God is love."

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
And the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies:
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, "God is love."

166

6, 7, 6 M.

1 NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices;
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices.
Who from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God,
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts,
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills,
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to Thee,
The Father now be given:
The Holy One, who reigns
In earth and highest heaven:
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In whom our spirits live,
Both now and evermore.

167

L.M. 6

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night her starry realm displays,
And softly veils the earth and skies,
When all the canopy of space
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

168

11 M.

1 IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the ancient of days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

2 Unresting, unhasting and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice, like mountains, high soaring above
The clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

3 To all, life Thou givest,—to both great and small,
In all life Thou livest,—the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
We wither and perish, but nought changeth Thee.

4 Great Father of Glory, pure fountain of light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
But of all thy rich graces, this gift, Lord, impart,
Take the veil from our faces, the veil from our heart.

5 All praise we would render, O help us to see,
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee;
And gently as ocean is swept by the breeze
Stir us with devotion, Thou Spirit of Peace.

169 L.M. 6

1 ABOVE, below, where'er we gaze,
Thy power and presence, Lord, we view;
Now in the midnight planets' blaze,
Now glistening in the morning dew;
Whate'er is beautiful and fair
Is but thine own reflection there.

2 We hear Thee in the stormy wind
That turns the ocean wave to foam;
Nor less thy wondrous power we find
When summer airs around us roam;
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself, for Thou art everywhere.

3 We find Thee in the depth of night,
And read thy name in every star;
Or when the radiant orb of light
With gold hath tipped the hills afar,
That ray of glory, bright and fair,
Is but thy radiance shining there.

4 Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight eve, the dewy morn;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright
Thy hands have fashioned to adorn;
Thy glory shines in every sphere,
And all things whisper,—God is here.

170 7 M.

1 THOU whose spirit dwells in all,
Primal source of life and mind;
In the earth as in the soul,
Ever full and unconfined!

2 Nothing can divide from Thee
Even the least created thing;
Joy and sorrow, good and ill,
All from Thee in secret spring.

3 Thine the atom's faintest thrill,
Thine the humblest creature's breath;
Dawning soul in every kind,
Yearning still through life and death;

4 Longing for the crowning race,
Man, in whom at last is told
Every secret strange and sweet
From the farthest days of old;

5 Secrets too of things to be
In the cycles far before;
Love which stronger is than death,
Life with Thee for evermore.

171 7-6 D.

1 HE hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

2 We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages,
God's secret thrilleth through.

3 The yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding, thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought:
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all.

172

C.M.

1 THE Lord hath builded for himself;
He needs no earthly dome:
The universe his dwelling is,
Eternity his home.

2 Yon glorious sky his temple stands,
So lofty, bright, and blue,
All lamped with stars and curtained round
With clouds of every hue.

3 Earth is his altar: nature there
Her daily tribute pays:
The winds and waves upon Him wait;
The seasons roll his praise.

4 In vain we seek Thee, Lord of might,
Thou high eternal One,
Thy footprints are in every place,
Thyself art found in none.

5 We search the rounds of time and space,
Nor find thy semblance there;
We fail before thy height sublime,
Thy glory none can bear.

6 Thou omnipresent, great Unknown,
Exalted evermore
Unveil thy light, inspire our hearts,
And help us to adore.

173 L.M.

1 GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea,
Maker of all above, below,
Creation lives and moves in Thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

2 Thee in the lonely woods we meet,
On the bare hills or fertile plains,
In every flower beneath our feet,
And e'en the still rock's mossy stains.

3 Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow
There is thy power, thy law is there.

4 We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And when the morning breaks in power
We hear thy word, "Let there be light."

5 But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and Thyself are there,
Indwelling as in days of old.

174

L.M.

1 WE thank Thee Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea,
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory come from Thee.

2 Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird thine own with love.

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in thy sight
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns thy spirit's might.

4 So, while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts thy love hast given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

175

L.M.

1 THOU One in all, Thou All in one,
Source of the Grace that crowns our days,
For all thy gifts neath cloud or sun,
We lift to Thee our grateful praise.

2 We bless Thee for the life that flows,
A pulse in every grain of sand,
A beauty in the blushing rose,
A thought and deed in brain and hand.

3 For life that Thou hast made a joy,
For strength to make our lives like thine,
For duties that our hands employ,—
We bring our offerings to thy shrine.

4 Be thine to give and ours to own
The truth that sets thy children free,
The law that binds us to thy throne,
The love that makes us one with Thee.

176 8 M.

1 BLESSED be thy name for ever!
Thou of life the guard and giver!
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping:
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

2 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest:
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, of dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity;—
God of life that fadeth never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

177

8-4 M.

1 I THANK Thee, O my God! who made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot on earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more, that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

178

C.M.

1 ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

2 Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board ;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

3 At night my gladness is my prayer ;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

4 I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road ;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

5 To this their secret strength they owed
The martyrs' path who trod ;
The fountain of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

6 Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessèd thought of God !

179

7 M.

1 LET the whole creation cry
Glory to the Lord on high!
Heaven and earth awake and sing,
"God is good, our heavenly King."

2 Praise Him all ye hosts above,
Ever bright and fair in love!
Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
Night and stars, in God rejoice.

3 Chant his honour, ocean fair!
Earth soft rushing through the air;
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
Rain and snow, his praise perform.

4 Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth;
Birds, 'mid morning dew elate,
Sing with joy at heaven's gate.

5 Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with his word,
Those to whom the arts belong,
Join the cadence of the song.

6 Kings of knowledge, truth, and law,
To the glorious circle draw;
All who labour, or who wait,
Sing, "The Lord is good and great."

7 O'er the earth from pole to pole
Let the mighty chorus roll,—
Holy, high, and mighty one
Glory be to God alone.

180

11, 12, 12, 10 M.

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shall be:

2 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

3 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
Who wert and art, and evermore shall be.

181

C.M.

1 SING forth his high eternal name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same,—
The mighty Lord of all.

2 His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless,—
The loving Lord of all.

3 His perfect law all nature bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds,—
The saving Lord of all.

4 He every thought and every deed
Doth to his judgment call,
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous Lord of all.

5 When turning from forbidden ways,
Before his throne we fall,
The everlasting arms upraise,—
The pardoning Lord of all.

6 Unwearied he is working still,
Unspent his blessings fall,
Almighty, loving, righteous One,
The only Lord of all.

182

7 M.

1 LET us with a wind-like song
Freshen all the air of life;
Singing makes the weak heart strong,
Makes the prize seem worth the strife;
Songs to Him who is our light
Will disperse each cloudy fear;
Songs to Him who is our might
Will the wavering onward cheer.

2 Be the glorious service ours
To exalt the solemn praise
Of the Power above all powers,—
Ancient of eternal days:
Source of Being, Fount of thought,
Dayspring of eternity,
Let our holiest love be brought
As an offering unto Thee.

3 Songs to Thee, O mighty Love,
Have a sound like coming rain,
Whose abundance soon shall prove
Thou hast heard our souls complain.
Change our murmurings, Lord, to praise,
And in toilsome, thirsty hours,
From the bright clouds of thy grace
Let our souls have balmy showers.

183

7-6 M.

1 THOU Father of our spirits,
Whence love and bounty roll
Unstinted, like a river,
To every human soul:
We thank Thee for our coming
Into this world of thine,
For power to see its beauty,
And make our lives divine.

2 For the green earth we thank Thee,
With beast and bird and tree;
The sky that o'er us floateth,
So blue and bright and free.
Thanks for the morning sunshine,
And the encircling air,
For sight of earth and heaven,
Thy universe so fair.

3 For parents and for kindred;
For home of childhood's years,
Its tender care and shelter,
Its gladness and its tears:
For loving help and guidance
In hours of sorest need;
For heroes, saints, and sages,
Of lofty thought and deed.

4 Thanks for the holy circle
In deathless union joined,
Who with us work and worship,
Or sleep beneath the ground :
O that our lives so gifted,—
Our daily thoughts and ways,
May gladly raise to heaven
Unbroken hymns of praise.

184

8-7 D.

1 GOD and Father great and holy !
Fearing nought we come to Thee ;
Fearing nought though weak and lowly,
For thy love has made us free.
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us Lord the angel chorus,
"Thou art Love, and Love alone."

2 Though the world in flames should perish,
Sun and stars in ruin fall,
Love of Thee our hearts should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all.
And though heavens thy name are praising
They can hymn no sweeter tone
Than the strain our hearts are raising
"Thou art Love, and Love alone."

185

C.M.

1 ENDURING soul of all our life,
In whom all beings blend;
Unchanging peace 'mid storm and strife,
Our Parent, Home, and End.

2 Through Thee the worlds with all they bear
Their mighty courses run;
Through Thee the heavens are passing fair,
And splendour clothes the sun.

3 Where'er the living soul looks out
From eyes of beast or bird,
Or tendril yearns in time of drought,
Or forest leaf is stirred,—

4 Thy spirit breathes, thy way is seen,
O fount of living force!
Who art, and hast for ever been,
The world's eternal source.

5 The thoughts that move the heart of man,
And lift his soul on high,
The skill that teaches him to plan
With wondrous subtlety.

6 These are thy thoughts, Almighty Mind,
This skill is thine, O Lord,
Who dost by hidden influence bind
All powers in sweet accord.

186 C.M.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

187

8-7 M.

1 LORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
That our happy life-time gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives :

2 Minds that look before and after,
Yearning for their home above ;
Human tears and human laughter,
And the depth of human love :

3 For the thrill of health and gladness,
Of our pulses flowing free ;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee.

4 Teach us so our days to number
That we may be lowly-wise ;
Dreary mist or cloudy slumber
Never dull our heavenward eyes.

5 Hearty be our work and willing,
Till the goal of life be won,
For we know thy law's fulfilling
Is in duty nobly done.

188 L.M.

1 O ALL ye works of God most High,
Bless ye the Lord and praise his name;
Whose hand has built this goodly frame
Of verdant earth and azure sky.

2 Ye Heavens, with your encircling blue,
Prepare a temple for his praise;
Let all your spheres the song upraise,
From age to age the strain renew.

3 O Sun, whose chariot, swift and bright,
Ascends the high cerulean ways;
To Him your sweetest music raise,
Lead Nature's choir to sing his might.

4 O Moon, amid the starry maze
That circles round thee, join the strain,
Fill all the soft celestial plain,
In silent hours, with tuneful praise.

5 O all ye stars that burn on high,
Flood heaven's fair dome with ceaseless song,
Let all your countless, radiant throng
His glory laud and magnify.

6 Thus join, ye orbs of night and day,
And wreaths of praise for Him entwine;
Sing forth, "The days and nights are thine,
Exalted be thy name for aye."

189

L.M.

1 YE Sons of Men, your glory wake,
To God your hearts and voices raise;
He calls on you to lead the lays
That from his happy creatures break.

2 All tribes and tongues, your incense bring,—
The fragrant offering of your praise,
And beautify life's common ways
With grateful thoughts, that upward spring.

3 To God uprear your stately towers,
And bid your labouring organs blow,
Till worship with devotion glow,
And praise adorn your fleeting hours.

4 Ye faithful Servants of the Lord,
Be works of love your harp of song;
In loyal service calm and strong,
Your daily praises be outpoured.

5 Ye holy, humble Men of heart,
Be perfect peace your blissful dower,
With praises fill each tranquil hour,
And dwell from strife and guile apart.

6 All People, lift your song above,
In sweet accord with Nature's choir;
And tune your heart's melodious lyre
To laud his name and bless his love.

190

L.M.

1 LET all the Earth in fair array
Upraise to God a gladsome strain,
And weave for Him a radiant chain
Of praise along her mystic way.

2 Ye Hills and Mountains, sing his praise,
Let your high altars offerings bear:
Your lofty summits lift in air,
To greet the earliest morning rays.

3 Ye Seas and Floods, with voice of might,
Resound his praise for evermore,—
Ye billows on the ocean floor,
Ye torrents from the mountain height.

4 Ye Wells and Springs, ye Dew and Showers,
Ye Light and Heat, that work his will,
Send forth the music of the rill,
Enrich the greenness of the bowers.

5 O all ye Birds of various wing,
To God your tuneful warblings yield;
Ye Beasts, in forest glade or field,
In glad content your tribute bring.

6 O Earth, that softly sweeps through space,
With praises track your pathway bright;
Praise God with morning's golden light,
Praise Him with evening's crimson rays.

191

7 M.

1 NOTHING fair on earth I see
But, O God, I think of Thee;
Thou art fairest in my eyes,—
Thou in whom all beauty lies.

2 When I see the day new-born,
'Neath the golden sun of morn,
Quickly turns this heart of mine
To thy glorious face divine.

3 Oft I think upon thy light,
When the grey dawn breaks the night,—
Think what glories lie in Thee,
Dayspring of Eternity.

4 When I watch the moon arise,
'Mid heaven's myriad starry eyes,
Then I think,—more glorious far
Is the Maker of yon star:

5 Or I feel, in Spring's sweet hours,
When the fields are gay with flowers,
As their varied hues I see,
What must their Creator be!

6 Lord remove these veils that blind
All my striving heart and mind;
Henceforth let my trusting heart
See Thee truly as Thou art.

192

C.M.D.

1 GREAT Nature's works his praise declare,
To whom they all belong;
There is a voice in every star,
In every breeze a song.
Sweet music fills the world abroad
With strains of love and power;
The stormy sea sings praise to God,
The thunder and the shower.

2 To God the tribes of ocean cry,
And birds upon the wing;
To Him the powers that dwell on high
Their tuneful tribute bring.
Like them, would we thy throne surround,
With them the chorus raise;
We bid the pealing organ sound
To aid our feeble praise.

3 Thus unto Thee, on pinions fleet,
Our mingled songs ascend;
Our hearts with Nature's pulses beat,
We at her altars bend.
And stronger still in coming days
The gladsome strain will flow,
To hail the reign of Righteousness,
And welcome Peace below.

193

6, 7, 6, 6 M.

1 O PRAISE the Lord our God,
In clouds and darkness dwelling,
Yet Fount of shadeless light,
All light of earth excelling!
He guides us on to age
Through sunlit paths of youth,
He cheers our longing eyes
With full unveiléd truth.

2 That truth, O Lord, we seek
In spirit meek and lowly,
To all who learn or teach,
Give wisdom pure and holy.
In solemn awe we bend,
All wondering round thy throne,
And Thee, our Lord, our Life,
Our Joy and Gladness own.

3 O Lord of truth and light,
All heaven and earth possessing,
Grant us thy laws to know,
Our daily labour blessing.
Teach us thy love to see
O'er earth and heaven extend,
While wisdom, skill, and power
Before thy glory bend.

194

7 M.

1 MORE and more, as years roll round,
Tender mercies, Lord, abound,
And thy gifts untold descend
Without measure, without end.

2 More and more our hearts would give
Thanks to Thee in whom we live;
And the grateful memory bear
Through the hours of work and prayer.

3 Day by day thy doors of gold
Are for our delight unrolled:
Gladness brightens all below
With its warm inspiring glow.

4 Blossoms opening their fair eyes
Waft their incense to the skies:
And the light on nature's face
Makes the earth a happy place.

5 Waving o'er the breezy plain,
Shine the breadths of golden grain,—
Treasures from thy bounty vast
To thy waiting children cast.

6 More and more as years roll by,
Kindness cheers us from on high,
And thy people's thankful song
Deepens as it rolls along.

195

8-7 M.

1 GOD is Love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

196

10 M.

1 WE bless Thee, Lord, for all this common life
Can give of rest and joy amid its strife;
For paths of peace where daily comfort springs,
For needful toil, each fleeting season brings.

2 For Pisgah gleams of fresh ennobling truth,—
Fair Lands of Promise that renew our youth;
For fellowship with lofty souls and wise,
Whose hearts accord with music of the skies.

3 For each achievement human power can reach
For all that patriots win and poets teach,
For light that lingers over history's page,
For gladdening hope that shines on each new age.

4 Thou bounteous God, by whose controlling care,
Our passing years are crowned by gifts so fair.
Let labour blend with fitting chords of praise,
And faithful service glorify our days.

197

L.M.

1 THY happy ones a strain begin ;
Dost Thou not, Lord, our souls possess ?
Thy cheerful spirit dwells within,
We feel Thee in our joyfulness.

2 Our mirth is not afraid of Thee,
Our life rejoices to be bright ;
We would not from our gladness flee,
But give full welcome to delight.

3 Thou wilt not, Lord, our smiles deny,
Dost Thou not deem them of rich worth ?
Our cheer flows on beneath Thine eye,
We feel accepted in our mirth.

4 We turn to Thee a smiling face ;
Thou sendest us the smile again :
Our joy, the richness of Thy grace—
Thine own, the cheer of this glad strain.

198 7 M.

1 LET us sing the praise of Love!
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Bringing on its blesséd wings
Life to all created things.

2 Whereso'er its light is shed,
Sorrow lifts its drooping head
And the tears of grief that start,
Turn to sunshine in the heart.

3 Let us sing the praise of Love,
Fairest of all things above:
How its blesséd sunshine lies
In the light of loving eyes!

4 And when words are all too weak,
How its deeds of mercy speak!
They who learn to love aright
Pass from darkness into light.

5 Let us sing the praise of Love,
Everywhere,—around, above;
Watching with its starry eyes
From the blue of boundless skies;

6 Heeding when the lowly call:
Mindful of a sparrow's fall:
Writing on the flower-wreathed sod,
"God is Love, and Love is God."

199

8, 7, 4, 7 M.

1 GOD is Love by Him upholden,
Hang the glorious orbs of light:
In their language glad and golden,
Speaking to us day and night
Their great story,
God is Love, and God is Light.

2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand varied voices,
Telling back from hill and grove
Her glad story,
God is Might, and God is Love.

3 With these anthems of creation,
Mingling in harmonious lays,
Let our spirits' adoration,
And the gladness of our days
Hymn their story,
God is Love,—to Him be praise.

4 Up to Him let each emotion
Daily rise and round Him move,
Till our lives, like tides of ocean,
Flow towards the life above:
Their glad story,
God is Life, and God is Love.

200

10 M.

1 WE praise Thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray,
We praise Thee with the fading light of day:
All things that live and move, by sea and land,
For ever ready at thy service stand.

2 The nations all are singing night and day,
"Glory to Thee the mighty God for aye,
By Thee, through Thee, in Thee all beings are!"
The listening earth repeats the song from far.

3 Thy hallowed name, Thy kingdom, in us dwell;
Thy will constrain and keep and guide us well;
Guard us, uphold us in the evil hour
For thine the glory, Lord, and thine the power.

201

6-5 D.

1 ON our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Listen to our praises,
O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be;
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee.

2 Unto God our Father,
Joyful songs we sing,
For his many mercies
Thankful hearts we bring,
Thee, Eternal Goodness,
Praise we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore.

202

L.M.

1 O GOD, in darker days of storm,
Men knew Thee but to fear thy form,
And in the reddest lightning saw
Thine arm avenge thy broken law.

2 In brighter days we read thy love
In flowers beneath, in stars above,
And when thou dost the tempest send,
We see thy bow of promise bend.

3 And even in the lightning's path
We see no traces of thy wrath;
But boundless wisdom, perfect love,
That draw our thanks and praise above.

4 See from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains,
No hour of doom shall mortals fear,
While thy paternal love is here.

203

II M.

1 APPROACH not the altar with gloom in thy soul,
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control:
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust;
O serve Him with gladness,—the Loving and Just.

2 His bounty is tender, his being is love;
His smile fills with splendour the blue arch above;
Confiding and joyful, oh, enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with praise.

3 Come not to his temple with pride in thy mien,
But lowly and gentle, in spirit serene;
In thy youth or in age, in sunshine or shade,
Bow down and adore Him, with heart undismayed.

4 Bring thou, as adornment, the garment of praise,
Rejoice while the sunshine illumines thy days,
Then peace, like the dew, shall descend on thy path,
And strength shall arise in the shadow of death.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

204

L.M.

1 O LOVE divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream,
Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee.

2 All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

3 Thine is the truth the prophets saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The Law of Love beyond all law,
The Life o'erflooding death and sin.

4 Nor bounds nor clime nor creed Thou know'st,
Wide as our need thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop unseen o'er the heads of all.

205

7 M.

1 HOLY Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God and inward light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire,
Cleanse my heart with thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, yet ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine;
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity,

6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my troubled thoughts be still,
With thy peace my spirit fill.

206 7 M.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit! dwell with me,
I myself would gracious be;
And with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal.

2 Truthful Spirit! dwell with me,
I myself would truthful be;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Gentle Spirit! dwell with me,
I myself would gentle be:
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour.

4 Silent Spirit! dwell with me,
I myself would quiet be,—
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way hath made.

5 Mighty Spirit! dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be,—
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail.

6 Holy Spirit! dwell with me,
I myself would holy be:
Cleansed from every stain of sin,
I would highest glory win.

207

L.M.

1 THOU Power and Peace, in whom we find
All holiest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove.

2 Thou that didst move in power of old,
Upon the water's darkened face,
Come when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

3 For ever lend thy sovereign aid,
And urge us on, and keep us thine,
Nor leave the hearts which Thou hast made
Fit temples of thy grace divine.

4 Nor let us quench thy saving light,
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Spirit, Comforter.

208

S.M.

1 BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until I bend before thy will,
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I live and die,
Joined with Thee in the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

209

C.M.

1 WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though lonely, bright;
The God of Grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

210

6-4 M.

1 THOU whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the truth's pure day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou who dost come to bring
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Descend Thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,
Speed on thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

211 L.M.

1 FOUNTAIN of life, most pure, most bright,
Sun of the soul, the spirit's light!
Great source of joy, and end of rest,
For ever blessing, ever blest!

2 As the young day-spring's glorious birth
Calls into life rejoicing earth,
And with new beauty, love, and power,
Robes field and stream and tree and flower:

3 As cooling dews, like gentle sleep
On hearts that grieve and eyes that weep,
In the sweet hour of evening's calm
On parchèd earth shed heavenly balm:

4 Shine on our souls, in mercy shine,
Thou living Beam, Thou Fire divine!
Bid inward strife and turmoil cease,
Thou Comforter, Thou God of Peace!

5 Descend Almighty, from above
On beams of light, on wings of love;
Till every soul a temple be,
Fit, Holy Lord, for heaven and Thee.

212

L.M.

1 O FOR that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old,
That bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 O for the burning words that broke
From prophet's lips, and taught thy ways,
That in the martyr's witness spoke,
Or in the psalmist's tender lays.

3 O for that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Jesus' breast, and sealed him thine:
Which made great hearts with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine.

4 Is not thy Spirit with us now
As when the prophets felt its power?
The ancient days remember Thou,
The ancient inspiration pour.

213

S.M.

1 HOW glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And through thy Spirit's quickening power
Of higher life partake!

2 With richer beauty glows
The world before so fair;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.

3 Released from slavish fears
We feel sweet peace within;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

4 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
Its influence may we share;
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And make thy temple there.

214

L.M.

1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose light
The sleeping worlds were called from night!
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light,
By whom our souls emerge from night,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Chase from our minds each haunting foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow.

3 Plenteous in grace descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Our frailty help, our hearts control,
Thou ruler of the secret soul!
And, lest our feet should haply stray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

215 L.M.

1 SPIRIT of power, and truth, and love!
Unseen but felt, below, above,
Upraise us on thy heavenly wings,
Far from these low and fleeting things.

2 Tis thine the wounded heart to heal;
Tis thine to make the hardened feel;
Thine to give light to blinded eyes,
And bid the earth-bound spirit rise.

3 Compassed by foes on every side,
By sin and sore temptation tried,
Where can we look or whither flee,
If not, great Comforter, to Thee?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, like the fire,
With burning zeal our souls inspire:
Come like the south wind, breathing balm,
Our joys refresh, our passions calm:

5 Come like the Sun's enlightening beam;
Come like the cooling, cleansing stream:
With all thy graces present be:
Spirit of God, we wait for Thee.

216 L.M.

1 HOW near to us, O God, Thou art,
Veiled in the shrine of every heart;
Blind to thy presence as we live,
The sense of thine indwelling give.

2 Wildered with sin, in pain and shame,
We strive to quench thy Spirit's flame;
But to our darkened mind and will
Thou art the only Dayspring still.

3 No light but thine illumes the soul;
Our passions know thy strong control;
We cannot seek a door of prayer
But thine own presence waiteth there.

4 Thou Holy Spirit, more than near,
Through all our thought thy voice we hear;
Thou Life within the soul revealed,
By Thee each secret wound is healed.

5 Thou fill'st our being's hidden springs,
Our longings rise on heavenward wings;
And life or death, by thy command,
We welcome from thy mighty hand.

217

C.M.

1 OUR God, our God, Thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear,
Here leads thy glorious way.

2 We shine not only with the light
Thou didst shed down of yore;
On us Thou streamest strong and bright,
Thy comings are not o'er.

3 Our fathers had not all of Thee,
New births are in thy grace;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding place.

4 We gaze on thy outgoings bright,
Down cometh thy full power;
We, the glad bearers of thy light,
And this thy saving hour.

5 On us thy Spirit thou hast poured,
To us thy word has come;
We gladly hear thy whisper, Lord!
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

6 Thou comest near; Thou standest by;
Our work begins to shine;
Thou workest with us mightily,—
On come the years divine.

218

L.M.

1 NO human eyes thy face may see;
No human thought thy form may know;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow.

2 And yet, Oh strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek thy present aid may dare.

3 And though most weak our spirits seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the proud, presumptuous dream,
To see and know the Eternal Mind;

4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But come with spirits freed from pride
To know their hearts approved by thine.

5 So though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to Thee.

219

C.M.

1 THOU grace divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,—
O Love of God most free!

2 Although we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—
O Love of God most strong.

3 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,—
O Love of God most kind!

4 But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know Thee by a dearer name,—
O Love of God within!

5 And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O Love of God, to Thee.

220

C.M.

1 MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty, how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light.

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Continually adored!

3 How perfect and how wonderful
Thine attributes must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And stainless purity.

4 I bend before Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trustful hope,
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast deigned to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 Father of spirits, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
To know thy righteousness at last,
And lose myself in Thee,

221

S.M.

1 SHINE, O my God, on me,
Thy presence let me feel;
My soul thy glory longs to see,
Thyself in me reveal.

2 I would not wait for heaven,
Heaven may begin below;
To every new-born soul 'tis given
A present God to know.

3 The vision of thy grace
Fresh life and joy inspires;
While o'er my spirit flows the grace
That kindles all her fires.

4 Though on my saddened heart
The gloom of night should lie,
Faith shall not fail, nor hope depart,
If I but feel Thee nigh.

5 When earth's fleet years are past,
And I no more shall roam,
Give me, my God, to find at last
With Thee my changeless home.

222

S.M.

1 STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind,
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be,
By day, by night; in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

223

L.M.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows!
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
Then shall my heart from care be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

2 Father! thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care!
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
May raise to Thee a trustful cry.

3 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
'I am thy life, thy God, thy all!'
Thy love to reach, thy voice to hear,
Thy power to feel, be all my prayer.

224

L.M.

1 THOU God of Love, who stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our saddest tear;
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow dim each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near."

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near."

4 On Thee we cast our earthly woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near.

225

1 ONE and universal Father!
Here in reverent thought we gather,
Seeking light and joy from Thee;
We afar would stay no longer,
Make us wiser, make us stronger,
Be our guide, our guardian be.

2 To the paths of life to win us,
Thou, O God, didst plant within us
Aspirations high and bright;
Bring us to thy presence nearer,
Let us see thy glories clearer,
Till all mists shall melt in light.

226

C.M.

1 THY home is with the humble, Lord,
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts,
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter, Eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for Thee.

3 Who made this beating heart of mine,
But Thou my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it then, but Thee,
And let it be thy rest.

4 Thy sweetness hath revealed Thee, Lord,
Great Spirit, is it Thou?
Deeper and deeper in my heart,
I feel Thee resting now.

227

6-5 M.

1 HEAR us Thou that broodest
O'er the watery deep,
Waking all creation
From its primal sleep;
Holy Spirit, breathing
Breath of life divine,
Breathe into our spirits
Blending them with thine.

2 When the sun ariseth
In the cloudless sky,
May we feel thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh ;
Shed thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting thy will.

3 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May thy love in mercy
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.

4 Morning, noon and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee ;
Life, that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love,
Life, that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.

228

7 M.

1 THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home;
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

2 Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that Thou art near;
Father! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of its frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

4 Make us beautiful within,
By thy Spirit's holy light;
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might!

229

11-10 M.

1 INFINITE Spirit, who art round us ever,
In whom we float as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever
That binds us to our unseen Friend on high:

2 Unseen yet not unfelt, for still if any thought
Has raised our minds from earth, if high desire
Has been triumphant, or loyal service wrought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

3 Then unto us before thy footstool kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, with regret and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name.

4 That we may quench each base desire and passion,
And nobly rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's vain haughtiness and fashion,
And lean, in humble ways, upon Thee still.

230

C.M.

1 SPEAK with us, Lord! thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All times, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, O Lord, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My gladdened heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face
'Tis all I wish to seek,
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

231

7 M.

1 LORD, thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
Up the pathway rough and steep,
Through the weary wilderness;
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are stony ways to tread,
Give the strength we sorely lack;
There are gloomy clouds o'erhead,
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are barren wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades,—
Keep us, Lord, from selfish ease.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

5 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reached the promised rest.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

232

10-4 M.

1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

233

C.M.

1 WE ask not, Father, the repose
That comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast,—

2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see;
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.

3 That peace which through the billows' moan
And angry tempests' roar
Sends forth its calm, unfaltering tone,
Of joy for evermore;—

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep;
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

234

P.M.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down.
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

235

C.M.

1 MY heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

3 Mine be the reverent, listening love,
That waits all day on Thee;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see.

4 The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

5 My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere.

236

10 M.

1 QUIET from God! how beautiful to keep
This treasure the All-merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us like a breath from
heaven!

2 To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel;
To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness which his Spirit doth reveal.

3 Who shall make trouble, then? Not evil minds,
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower;
The soul which peace hath thus attunéd finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's
power.

4 What shall make trouble? Not the holy
thought
Of the departed; that will be a part
Of those undying things his peace hath
wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

5 What shall make trouble? Not slow-wasting
pain,
Not even the threatening, certain stroke of
death;
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which binds the spirit down to things
beneath.

237

6 M.

1 WE ask for peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease;
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In fair and smiling day.

2 We ask for peace, O Lord!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure;
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know;
Untouched by others' joy,
Heedless of others' woe.

3 We ask thy peace, O Lord!
Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on
Through toilsome years of life.
We long to lean on Thee,
In calm and perfect rest;
Give us that peace, O Lord,
Divine and pure and blest.

238

8-4 M.

1 MY God and Father! while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way
O teach me from my heart to say,—
Thy will be done!

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
I would be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,—
Thy will be done

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is thine:
Thy will be done!

4 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God! to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done!

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
Thy will be done!

239

7 M.

1 WHAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

2 What is it, and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

3 'Tis the soul, mysterious name,
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on and mounting higher.

4 Onward, upward to thy throne,
O Thou Infinite, Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all and all in Thee.

240

L.M.

1 TO thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring children in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

2 Thine arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
O leave not our maturer days:—
We still are helpless without Thee.

3 We trusted hope, and pride, and strength ;
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length :
We come to Thee, O Lord, again.

4 A guide to trembling steps yet be ;
Give us of thine eternal powers ;
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

241

C.M.

1 LORD ! I believe ; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey :
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord ! I believe ; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight ;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord ! I believe ; but Thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak :
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes ; I believe ; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief :
Lord ! to thy truth my spirit bow,
Help thou my unbelief !

242

7-6 D.

1 SPEAK, for thy servant heareth;
Thus give us grace, O Lord,
To listen and to answer
Whene'er thy voice is heard;
Whether we wait expectant
Its sound to guide us home,
Or all unsought, unwelcome,
Its sudden warning come.

2 Above the press of traffic,
Above the stir of life,
Amidst the songs of pleasure,
And o'er the din of strife,
May never cease within us
Thy whisper soft and clear,
Nor ready hearts replying
Speak, Lord, thy servants hear.

3 And in the latest conflict,
When strength and faith are low,
And all our hope and comfort
Are baffled by the foe;
Amid life's feeble throbbings,
Yet nearer and more near;
May thy sweet tones of solace
Speak, and thy servants hear.

243 10-4 M.

1 IMMORTAL Love, within whose righteous will
Is always peace;
O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill;
Let passion cease;
Come down in power within my heart to reign,
For I am weak, and conflict has been vain.

2 The days are gone when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way
Which leads through mist and rocks to thine abode;
Toiling for man, and Thee, Almighty God.

3 Whate'er of pain thy loving hand allot
I gladly bear;
Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet thy care,
Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
Peace from the hard oppression of my sin.

4 So may I, when the shades of evening fall
On life and love,
Hear, without shrinking, thine own loving call
To peace above;
Wounded, yet healed, my strife and labour done,
May glad tints gleam beneath the setting sun.

244

7 M.

1 ROCK of Ages, standing fast,
In the desert, wild and vast;
Lifting up thy stately form
To the sunshine and the storm;
Changeless through all changing time,
Strong, impregnable, sublime!

2 Rock of Ages, let me hide
In thy deeply caverned side,
When the tempest rolls on high,
And the lightnings cleave the sky;
Sheltered there, let me remain
Till the heavens grow bright again.

3 Rock of Ages, let me rest
In thy shadow, when distressed
By the long and weary way,
Or the noontide's burning ray;
There awhile mine eyes to close
In the sweetness of repose.

4 Rock of Ages, let me stand
On thy brow, serene and grand;
Thence to view the way I've come,
Thence to catch a glimpse of home—
Home, where toils and troubles cease,
And the soul finds perfect peace.

245 C.M.D.

1 O THOU who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow Thee through unknown paths,
Since all to Thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom line;
Our wisdom is the child-like heart,
Our strength, to trust in thine.

2 We bless Thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath,
For hopes that blossom here below
And wither not with death;
But most we bless Thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

3 Be Thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed;
Be Thou by day our strength for toil,
By night our calm and rest.
And when these earthly dwellings fail
And Time's last hour is come,
Be Thou, O God, our dwelling-place,
And our eternal home.

246

10-4 M.

1 I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou would'st take from me
Aught of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, gracious Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou should'st shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
To see my way;
But lead me, Lord, with thine unerring hand
Through night to day.

6 In toilsome hours give me thy strength divine,
Thy calm by night;
And lead me, Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

247 8-6 M.

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that must surely come
I do not fear to see;
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smile,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do,
For Him on whom I wait.

248

C.M.

1 I would commune with Thee, my God,
E'en to thy seat I come;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll:

3 But I am calm with Thee my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

4 O this is life, O this is joy,
My God to find Thee so!
Thy face to see, thy voice to hear,
And all thy love to know.

249

C.M.

1 AUTHOR of good! to Thee I turn;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;

4 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do Thou thy gifts supply;
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

250

L.M.

1 O THOU, who deignest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart!
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With unextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer, and fervent praise.

3 O Lord; confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

251

C.M.

1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thy protecting wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

3 Lord, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet:
Calm in the hour of solitude,
And in the bustling street.

4 Calm in the glow of buoyant health,
And in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Amid my loss or gain.

Calm as the light of sun or star,
Though storms arise or cease;
Moving untroubled through earth's war
To thine eternal peace.

252

S.M.

1 NOT yet I love my God
With undivided heart;
Not yet I tread the heavenly road
With feet that ne'er depart.

2 Nor yet is all thy will
Sweet to this heart of mine;
Not yet I hasten to fulfil
Each dear command of thine.

3 Not yet thy wondrous ways
I know as I desire,
Nor yet upon those glories gaze
To which mine eyes aspire.

4 But shall I not one day,
My God, be all thine own;
Rejoicing, all thy will obey,
And do thy work alone?

5 Will not my joy and love
Be endless and complete,
And all my blessedness above
Flow from thy presence sweet?

6 Nor yet thy tasks divine
Alone my hands employ;
Nor yet that presence sweet of thine
Maketh mine only joy.

253

8-4 M.

1 I CANNOT always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But deeply I can feel, and say
That God is love.

2 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

3 When hope grows faint and knowledge fails,
And reason vainly tries to prove;
Then faith, for proof and sight avails,
That God is love.

4 Beaming through all, a trust like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss,
Our God is love.

254

7 M.

1 YES, for me, for me He careth,
With a father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Me, e'en me, my God rewardeth
With his favour day by day;
And my life He ceaseless guardeth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love, and light;
And, to cover me, He spreadeth
His paternal wing at night.

4 Yes, in me his Spirit dwelleth,
I in Him, and He in me;
And my longing soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

255

L.M.

1 THROUGH all the various changing scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with a Father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

4 Be this my care; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be:
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on Thee!

256

11-4 M.

1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it,
Up-soaring on the wings of awe and meekness:
Forgive its weakness.

2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us;
We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts us:
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

3 O how long-suffering, Lord, but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; Thou invitest
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 Father and Helper, plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

257

6 M.

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be:
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding, or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine, so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 My cup of life and love
With joy or sorrow fill:
As best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good or ill.

6 Not mine, O Lord, the choice
In things or great or small:
Be Thou my Guide and Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

258

S.M.

1 O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!

2 O everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs,
My bliss, my treasure and my wealth,
To Thee my spirit clings!

3 O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide for erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too!

4 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way:
Bring me, through darksome paths, at length
To joy and light and day.

5 O everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

259

C.M.

1 THY way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with Thee:
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea!

2 Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so?—
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.

3 A moment may his hand be lost,—
Drear moment of delay!
We cry, 'Lord! help the tempest-tost,'—
And safe we're borne away.

4 The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes himself, where'er He hears
The voice of loving prayer.

5 O happy soul of faith divine!
Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,—
The patience to endure.

6 Come, Lord of peace! our griefs dispel
And wipe our tears away:
'Tis thine, to order all things well,
And ours, to bless the sway.

260

7 M.

1 MAKER of the starry height,
From amid our earthly night,
When we draw thy presence near,
Hear us, Holy Spirit, hear!

2 When we feel our heart within
Leading on to works of sin,
Thou our blinded gaze canst clear,
Hear us, Holy Spirit, hear!

3 In all time of our distress,
In the hour of joyfulness,
Thee alike we would revere,
Hear us, Holy Spirit, hear!

261

L.M.

1 REJOICE with trembling; yet rejoice:
For in the stillness of the soul
A voice is audible, a voice
We cannot silence or control;
And this the language mortals hear,
Tears have their joy and joys their tear.

2 Rejoice with trembling, every good
Has shadows darkening, every grief
Has bliss for its vicissitude,
Toil, rest, affliction, and relief,
The cheering sound, the chastening rod,
But over all, thy hand O God.

262

S.M.

1 MY spirit on thy care,
O Father, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How shall I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

3 In Thee I place my trust;
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, and wise, and just,
And count thy choice the best.

4 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

5 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

263

C.M.

1 SUPREME Disposer of the heart!
Thou, since the world began,
With heavenly grace hast sanctified
And cheered the heart of man.

2 Here faith, and hope, and love, unite
To lift the soul above;
But love alone for aye abides,
Eternal, changeless love!

3 O holy love! unfading light!
O shall it ever be,
That after all our sorrows here
Thy sabbath we shall see?

4 Here, yet awhile, with many a tear
The precious seed we sow;
There, treasured lie the promised fruits,
The harvest of our woe.

264

L.M.

1 LIGHT of my Life! my God, whose power
Quickens me in each weary hour,
Strong would I be with strength from Thee,
O Thou who failest not, help me!

2 O poor am I, and frail and weak
Without the aid I daily seek,
I hunger if not fed by Thee,
O Thou who hungerest not, help me!

3 I yield beneath temptation's force,
O grant me strength to keep my course,
Weary of toil, I bend the knee,
O Thou who weariest not, help me!

4 The road is rough, the way is long,
O cheer it by thy Spirit's song;
I faint with heat where shade should be,
O Thou who faintest not, help me!

265 L.M.

1 MY God! I thank Thee: may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ!
Thy purposes of love fulfil!
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will.

266 7 M.

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Father, hear his word;
Lo, He speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor wanderer, lov'st thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee erring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee!

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

5 Lord! it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore—
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

267

S.M.

1 HERE in a world of doubt,
A sorrowful abode,
My very heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

2 As for the water-brooks
The hart, expiring, pants,
So for my God my spirit looks,
Yea, for his presence faints.

3 I know thy joys, O earth!
The sweetness of thy cup;
Oft have I mingled in thy mirth,
And trusted in thy hope.

4 But ah! how griefs and fears
Those hollow joys succeed;
That cup of mirth is mixed with tears,
That hope is but a reed.

5 What doth endure below,
Or what but Thee on high?
Thee only, Father, would I know,
And in Thee live and die!

268

7 M.

1 AS his flock the shepherd leads
Gently through the flowery meads,
Where, 'mid verdant landscapes, flow
Peaceful rivers, soft and slow:

2 So doth God conduct my feet
Where the tranquil waters meet;
Streams of life, that never fail,
Winding silent through the vale.

3 When I wander from his care,
Lured by many a specious snare,
He pursues my devious track,
And in mercy brings me back.

4 Where the shades of darkness spread
Gloom impervious o'er my head,
Where the king of terrors reigns,
He my fainting soul sustains.

5 Heavenly Shepherd! lead me still
Upwards to thy holy hill,
Where untainted breezes blow,
Where unwithering pastures grow.

269

L.M.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy shadows overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreary shade.

270

L.M.

1 HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs, whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee:
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

3 Oh, why should I at life repine?
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,—
As comes to me, or shade or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

271

7 M.

1 HAPPY soul, that safe from harm
Rests within his Shepherd's arm!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?

2 Seek, O Lord, thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.

3 Let me know thy gracious voice;
More and more in Thee rejoice;
More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in thy spirit live:—

4 Live, till all thy love I know,
Perfect in my Lord below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.

272 10 M.

1 THY name, O Lord, is through the earth supreme,
Above the heavens thy glory Thou dost place;
Thou puttest in the child-like heart a theme,
Whose wisdom doth the shades of evil chase.

2 When on the silvery lamp of night I gaze,
Or golden spheres illimitable scan;
O'erwhelmed with wonder, grateful thoughts I raise
That Thou dost droop thy wing of love o'er man:

3 Thou 'neath his feet hast placed the things of earth,
Of Nature's forces granted him control;
Of heavenly birth-right though of earthly birth,
With glory, honour, Thou hast crowned his soul.

273

C.M.

1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,—
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2 Are health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God!
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.

3 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to Thee.

4 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise;—

5 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

274

C.M.

1 WHO shall behold the King of kings
In his fair dwelling-place?
Who shall ascend on seraph-wings,
And see Him face to face?

2 He, the foundations of whose hope
In humble thoughts are laid;
Who still with cheerful faith looks up
For pardon and for aid;

3 Who hastens with the dawning day
The throne of grace to seek,
And, taught himself, would teach the way
Of peace to all the weak;

4 Whose fervent spirit eager springs
To do thy will, O Lord!
Who sees Thee in all beauteous things,
Who hears Thee in thy word.

5 Though frailty mark and error dim
His sight and path while here;
An eye of mercy looks on him,
And warns him not to fear.

275

L.M.

1 MY soul, begin the solemn quest,
To-day set forth to seek thy God;
The Mighty One shall give thee rest,
His presence be thy staff and rod.

2 Yet learn that not far off he dwells
Who is thy presence and thy stay;
In thee his silent influence dwells,
That showeth clear the truth and way.

3 Arise, the race of years runs fleet,
And weak wert thou if matched with time,
Did not his Spirit wing thy feet,
And bear thee on to heights sublime.

4 Go forth, acquaint thee with thy needs,
With breath of hope thy brow is fanned;
Choose helm and shield for noble deeds,
Thy God is near,—in heart and hand.

276

7 M.

1 LEAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Father's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

3 Lead us thither! Thou dost know
All the way; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to Thee;
Guide us,—save us,—and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

277

L.M.

1 THOU, great Creator, art possessed,
And Thou alone, of endless rest:
Not yet to us the bliss belongs
To lift to Thee our ceaseless songs.

2 But we must toil and toil again,
With weary strength and frequent pain;
And how can we, in exile drear,
Lift the glad song of glory here?

3 And yet our hearts, that love Thee well,
Still long with Thee in peace to dwell:
O Lord! forbid our souls to roam;
And fix them on our future home.

278

4-10 M.

1 O FATHER, hear!
The way is dark, and I would fain discern
What steps to take, into which path to turn;
Oh, make it clear.

2 My faith is weak;
I long to hear Thee say, "This is the way;
Walk in it, fainting soul; I'll be thy stay;"
O Father, speak.

3 Let thy strong arm
Reach through the gloom for me to lean upon,
And with a willing heart I'll journey on,
And fear no harm.

4 I wait for Thee
As those who, watching, wait the coming dawn;
Pant, as for water pants the thirsty fawn;
Oh, come to me.

5 Thou knowest me;
And seeest how my hands in darkness grope;
And, oh! Thou knowest that my only hope
Is found in Thee.

279

8-6 M.

1 DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our restless ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

3 With that deep hush, subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell the manna down.

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our striving cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

5 Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb—its heats expire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still small voice of calm.

280

7 M.

1 FATHER, refuge of my soul!
Let me to thy shelter fly:
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Father! hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found;
Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

281

11-10 M.

1 FATHER, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow:
Safely they rest who in thy love repose.

2 When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,
Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

3 Nought shall distress us, on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.

4 Be patient, heart, though heavy are thy sorrows,
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise Him when these darkened furrows
Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

282

S.M.D.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
He shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 He every where hath sway,
And all things serve his might:
His every act pure blessing is;
His paths, unsullied light.
Against his mighty arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When He his people's cause defends,
Who then shall stay his hand?

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own,
How wise, how strong his hand.
Thou comprehend'st Him not:
Yet earth and heaven tell,
His sceptre sways their utmost bound,
He ruleth all things well.

283

11-5 M.

1 FATHER, Oh hear us, seeking now to praise Thee!
Thou art our hope, our confidence, our Saviour;
Thou art the refuge of the generations,
Lord God Almighty.

2 Maker of all things, loving all thy creatures,
God of all goodness, infinite in mercy,
Changeless, eternal, holiest and wisest,
Hear Thou thy children.

3 We are thy children, asking Thee to bless us,
Banded together for a full obedience,
Mutual help and mutual refreshing,
Lord, in thy service.

4 Childhood shall learn to know Thee and revere Thee;
Manhood shall serve Thee, strong in power and knowledge;
Old age shall trust Thee, having felt thy mercy
E'en 'mid the shadows.

5 Bless Thou our purpose, consecrate our labours
Keep us still faithful to the best and truest,
Guide us, protect us, make us not unworthy
Learners of Jesus.

6 Glory and honour, thanks and adoration,
Still will we bring, O God of men and angels,
To Thee, the holy, merciful, and mighty,
Father, our Father.

284

L.M.

1 FATHER, beneath thy sheltering wing,
In sweet security we rest;
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life or death supremely blest.

2 For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys;
And death is good that makes us know
The life divine that all things sways.

3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so thy perfect peace to win;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

4 Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust thy saving love to guide;
The grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

285

10-4 M.

1 GOD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn:
Would'st thou ask why—
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

2 Only upon some cross of pain or woe
God's son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary.

3 Yet we must care neither for joy nor grief,
God chooses best:
He only knows our sick soul's fit relief,
And gives us rest.

4 He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain:
Our gratitude the sunlight fails to prove;
Our faith the rain.

5 In his hands we are safe. We falter on
Through storm and mire:
Above, around, beside us, there is One
Will never tire.

6 What though we fall and bruised and wounded lie
Our lips in dust—
God's arm will lift us up to victory:
In Him we trust.

7 For neither life nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us that we should go
From his great love.

286

S.M.

1 O GOD, my strength, my hope!
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

2 O for a godly fear—
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the danger fly!—

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!—

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross!

5 Lord! let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

287

C.M.

1 ALL as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

2 Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back.

3 That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good.

4 That death seems but a darksome way,
Which opens into light,
Wherein no wandering child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

5 No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear,
But grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing now and here.

288

L.M.

1 'THUS shalt thou love the Almighty Lord,—
With all thy heart and soul and mind;'
So speaks to man that sacred word
For counsel and reproof designed.

2 'With all thy heart;' no idol thing,
Though close around the heart it twine,
Its interposing shade must fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.

3 'With all thy mind;' each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,
These must religion sanctify.

4 'With soul and strength;' thy days of ease,
While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,
All must be freely brought to Him.

5 Thou Power supreme, in whom we move!
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,
Adoring minds, a heart to love,
And strength to serve Thee, while they may.

289

C.M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword in the hour of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

290

8-6 M.

1 MYSTERIOUS Spirit, unto whom
Is known my sad and earth-bound frame;
Thou whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,
Adoreth with a fervent flame;
Give me the speed of bird or wind,
Or torrent rushing to the sea,
That soaring upward I may find
My resting place in Thee.

2 Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go,
Swift as the eagle's wing of fire,
Or arrows from the lightning's bow
To God the goal of my desire!
The weary tempest sleeps at last,
The torrent in the sea finds rest;
Let me not always be o'ercast,
Lord, take me to thy breast.

3 My prayer hath pierced to God—the Life,
The resurrection power is mine:
From sin and grief, from pain and strife,
I rise on wings of love divine;
Swifter than torrent, tempest, light,
I fly to my serene abode,
And on the last and holiest height,
Find rest and joy in God.

291

6-10 M.

1 WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels the gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

2 Wilt Thou not visit me?
The morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Lends out one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

3 Come! for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes! Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when from sin set free,
My spirit loves with thine in peace to dwell.

292

S.M.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

293

C.M.

1 FATHER, we would not dare to change
Thy purpose, if we might;
For how shall man presume to teach
The everlasting Right.

2 No word of ours can make Thee wise
Or better than Thou art;
And yet we lift our souls to Thee
For what Thou canst impart.

3 Our prayer is but a flower that lifts
Its petals to the sun,
That in the light it may unfold
Its leaflets one by one.

4 We only ask thyself; that we
Unfolding hour by hour
The beauty of good deeds, may drink
Thy life in like the flower.

294

C.M.

1 O GOD unseen but ever near,
Our blessed rest art Thou;
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with Thee now.

2 All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way,
We seek thy shelter from the heat
And burden of the day.

3 Oh welcome in the wilderness,
The shadow of thy love;
The spring that flows our hearts to bless,
The manna from above.

4 Awhile beside the fount we stay,
And break this bread of thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way
Renewed with strength divine.

295

L.M.

1 ALL-HOLY, everlasting One,
With uncreated splendour bright,
Darkness may blot from heaven the sun,
But Thou remainest still our light.

2 Though every star withhold its ray,
And tempests veil our path from sight,
Fearless we shall pursue our way
To Thee, the living Fount of light.

3 O Thou whose radiant throne of grace
Is raised above the stars of night,
Whose matchless glory we may trace
In every rolling planet's light;

4 Still nearer Thee our souls would rise,
And thus attain their highest flight;
And as the eagle sunward flies,
Seek Thee,—our everlasting light.

296

L.M.

1 I BLESS Thee Lord for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power;
For now my shallow cistern's spent,
I find thy founts and thirst no more.

2 We touch thy hand, and fears grow still;
Behold thy light and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth and boundless Love?

3 That Love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm;
And tunes its sad and broken speech
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

4 O be it patient in thy hands,
And led, through each mysterious hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to Love and Power.

297

8 M.

1 HE knows the bitter weary way,
The endless striving day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray.

2 He knows how hard the fight has been,
The clouds that came our lives between,
The wounds the world hath never seen.

3 He knows when faint and worn we sink,
How deep the pain, how near the brink
Of dark despair we pause and shrink.

4 He knows! Oh thought so full of bliss,
For though on earth our joy we miss,
We still can bear it, feeling this.

5 Be strong, my heart, take up thy cross,
And know earth's treasures may be dross,
And gain may spring from grief and loss.

298

7 M.

1 LORD, that I may learn of Thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing Thee alone to know.

2 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, simple as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

3 Then infuse the living grace,
Truthful soul of righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,—
Life eternal to my heart.

299

11-10 M.

1 FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our soul feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

2 Lord we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,
Thou wilt sustain us till our work is done.

3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, then may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

4 Father of Love, in thy dear presence kneeling
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

300

C.M.

1 LORD, in this dust thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine;
I am all thine,—thy care and choice,
My very praise is thine.

2 I praise Thee, while thy providence
In infancy I trace,
For blessings given ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan thy grace.

3 Blessings in childhood's marvelling hour,
Bright dreams and fancyings strange;
Blessings when reason's wondrous power
Gave thought a bolder range.

4 Blessings of friends, that to my door
Unasked, unhoped, have come;
And choicer still, a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.

5 Yet Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When looking up, I saw thy face
In kind austereness clad.

6 And such thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray,
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along the narrow way.

301

8-6 M.

1 I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again;
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failure or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee,
And buoyant hope springs up in me.

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy strengthening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy wisdom changes all to good.

4 Embosomed deep in thy strong love;
Held in thy law I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
Till mourning turn to grateful praise.

302

7 M.

1 LET my life be hid in Thee
Life of life, and Light of light;
Love's illimitable Sea!
Depth of peace, of power the Heigh

2 Let my life be hid in Thee,
When my foes are gathering round;
Covered with thy panoply,
Safe within thy holy ground.

3 Let my life be hid in Thee,
From vexation and annoy;
Calm in thy tranquillity,
All my mourning turned to joy.

4 Let my life be hid in Thee,
When the feeble knees shall fail;
As my day my strength shall be,
In thy power let me prevail.

5 Let my life be hid in Thee,
In the world and yet above;
Hid in thine eternity,
In the ocean of thy love.

303

7 M.

1 FATHER, lead me day by day,
Ever in thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that thou canst save:
Keep me safe by thy dear side,
Let me in thy love abide.

3 And when tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with thy mighty hand.

4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

5 May I see the good and bright
When they pass before my sight,
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

6 Having done the good I know,
As thy loving child below,
May I then go home to Thee,
Evermore thy child to be.

304

7 M.

1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my thought, and freely use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

305

L.M.

1 IN quiet hours the tranquil soul
Reflects the beauty of the sky;
No passions rise or billows roll,
And only God and heaven are nigh.

2 The tides of being ebb and flow,
Creating peace without alloy;
A sacred happiness we know,
Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

3 Like birds that slumber on the sea,
Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest on God's infinity
Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

4 His perfect peace has swept from sight
The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up with still delight,
We catch the glory of his face.

306

C.M.

1 FATHER in heaven! to whom my heart
Would lift itself in prayer,
Drive from my soul each earthly thought
And show thy presence there.

2 Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

3 Help me to break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown:
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown.

4 And do Thou kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine Almighty name.

307

C.M.

1 FAINT not along thine earthly road,
Thou pilgrim soul of mine;
But still be gladsome in thy God,
Sing forth thy song divine!

2 Doth life in all bright ways for thee
Its glory oft unroll,—
O take thy pleasures gratefully,
Sing unto God, my soul!

3 A dreary desert dost thou trace,
Dim shineth thy far goal,—
That desert make thy Holy Place,
Pursue thy song, my soul!

4 When the glad spirit's voice divine
Through thy stirred deeps doth roll,
When glows with faith that heart of thine,
Break forth in song, my soul!

308

C.M.

1 IN Thee my powers, my treasures live,
To Thee my life must tend;
Giving thyself Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

2 And wherefore should I seek above
The City in the sky,
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
Its broad foundations lie?

3 I ask not of thine Eden-land
The forms and hues to know,
What trees of life in order stand,
What mystic waters flow.

4 O sweeter far to trust in Thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the dim way cheerfully
To walk with Thee alone.

5 Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Heaven's holy towers are raised.

6 When penitence hath purified,
And peace the soul hath blest,
Where truth is crowned and glorified,
There is the heaven of rest.

309

L.M.

1 O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all,
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall,
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

2 O Love, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease,
In strength or weakness may we see,
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek;
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek,
When dreams and mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows,
To slake the thirst of those that faint;
Thy power to bless no spirit knows,
Thy joy supreme no words can paint;
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath,
Be Thou our conqueror over death.

310

C.M.

1 UNHEARD the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed;
And silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.

2 Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard,
Their music reacheth to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.

3 Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place;
And silently the earth is rolled
Amidst the vast of space.

4 In quietude thy spirit grows
In man from hour to hour;
In calm eternal, onward flows
Thy all redeeming power.

5 Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and still, small voice;
To work in quiet, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

311

L.M.

1 HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?

3 And, as upon some storied page
Thine eye in rapt attention turned,
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?

4 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

5 Voice of our God, O yet be near!
In low, sweet accents whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

312

S.M.

1 BLEST be thy Love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 O Thou, our soul's chief hope,
We to thy goodness fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign,
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

313

L.M.

1 WATCHING all through the weary night,
In darkness, lonely and forlorn,
I hail the blessed morning light,—
Thy love is brighter than the morn.

2 Praying, but tempted and cast down,
Tried from without and from within;
I fail, and fear to lose my crown,—
Thy love is stronger than my sin.

3 Waiting to draw my latest breath,
No arm to stay, no art to save,
I trembling, shrink from pain and death,—
Thy love is stronger than the grave.

4 O Love, so bright, so deep, so strong,
When this brief span of life is o'er,
Teach me to sing the heavenly song,
And lead me to the shining shore.

314

7-6 M.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

315

C.M.

1 FAIR are the feet that bring the news
Of gladness unto me;
How many messengers God hath,
If we had eyes to see.

2 His angels speak, but still must we
The hearing ear bestow;
They smite the rock, but our own lips
Must stoop to drink the flow.

3 Along the silent stream of time
They soothe life's tedious hours;
Guide us with sweet and patient grace,
And turn the thorns to flowers.

4 What holy calm, what quiet cheer
These gentle angels bring;
Rejoicing in their ministries,
My soul awakes to sing.

5 Lo! all things are thine angels, Lord,
That bring me near to Thee;
O for the ear to hear their word,
O for the eye to see!

316

C.M.

1 NOW let us see thy beauty, Lord,
As we have seen before;
And by thy beauty quicken us
To love Thee and adore.

2 'Tis easy when with simple mind
Thy loveliness we see,
To consecrate ourselves afresh
To duty and to Thee.

3 Each hot and wayward mood is cooled,
And gone is every load,
When we can lose the love of self,
And find the love of God.

4 Lord it is coming to ourselves,
When thus we come to Thee:
The service of thy blessed will
Is perfect liberty.

5 So now we come to ask again
What Thou hast often given:
The vision of that loveliness,
Which is the life of heaven.

317

L.M.

1 O SOURCE of good! around me spread
Ten thousand thousand blessings lie;
By night thy mercy guards my head,
By day I feel Thee ever nigh.

2 Yet if to taste thy gifts were all
Thy bounteous hand bestowed on me,
No leave upon thy name to call,
And gain access by prayer to Thee:

3 How would my spirit sorrowing,
'Mid all those gifts, have sighed to feel—
It knew not the refreshing spring,
That ceaseless flows to soothe and heal!

4 No chain to bind the wandering soul,
No link, connecting earth and heaven,
No Father's pitying, kind control,
No child, repenting and forgiven!

5 But God reveals his mercy-seat,
And beams of light the gloom dispel:
He gives,—from Him the gift is sweet:
He takes away,—and all is well.

6 The voice of prayer in heaven is heard!
Let strength depart and comforts flee,
If we may act upon that word,—
'Seek, and He shall be found of thee.'

THE HIGHER IDEAL.

318 8-7 M.

1 LET the heaven-sent high ideal
Of a life, calm, strong, and sweet,
Shed its tranquil beam of guidance
Over wayward, wandering feet.

2 May it shame the works of darkness,
Bid our sordid striving cease,
And from earth's vain tumult lead us
Up the sacred heights of peace.

3 Like a new-born dream of promise
May it bless life's opening day,
Until youth's glad song be silenced,
And we tread the western way.

4 Still undimmed, the heavenly vision,
Shining on through storm and cloud,
Will assuage the heart o'erburdened,
When the frame, with years, is bowed.

5 Thus around the soul's horizon
It will radiate light and grace,
Till its fadeless beauty lingers
Over Death's transfigured face.

319

L.M.

1 THE very blossoms of our life,
The treasures that no wealth can buy,
We freely bring, in faith and love,
And give them up to Thee, Most High.

2 Not as in olden times, to death,
To hermit life, or darksome days;
But unto beauty, goodness, truth,
To all high thoughts and noble ways.

3 To find and serve Thee in the world,
By seeking truth and helping men,—
To this we dedicate them now,
And day by day will o'er again.

4 Thus do we keep them while we give
And make them still of higher worth,
When all are consecrated thus,
Heaven will indeed have come on earth.

320

7-6 M.

1 WHAT ask we for the children,
O'er whom life's morning breaks,
Whose eyes in wonder open,
Whose heart to love awakes?

2 We seek no gifts of Fortune
That rob the soul of peace,
Nor vain and empty honours,
Nor paths of listless ease.

3 For lives so rich in promise
We ask from God, Most High,
That loyal, patient service
Their days may beautify.

4 We pray for heavenly wisdom,
High thought and stainless deed,
The sweet and gentle spirit
That comforts those in need.

5 The strength in life's stern conflict
To front the power of ill,
A glimpse of God's great kingdom,
Their hearts with hope to thrill.

6 A restful age of honour,
With loving hands to cheer;
A child-like trust to banish
The sombre shade of fear.

7 Thus pray we for the children
In life's sweet morning glow,
That peaceful, pure, abundant,
Their fount of joy may flow.

321

7-6 M.

1 LOOKING upward day by day,
Sunshine on our faces:
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places.
Growing every day in awe,
For thy name is holy;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly.

2 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.
Every day more gratefully,
Kindnesses receiving,
Every day more readily
Injuries forgiving.

3 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder,
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder,
Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in thy pity,
That we enter in at last,
To the Holy City.

322 C.M.

1 O YE who wear Youth's diadem
Of gladness, strength, and pride,
Undimmed let every priceless gem
Upon your brow abide.

2 Strain not with eager, anxious eyes,
Through Fancy's dazzling light,
To trace afar some shining prize,
Or scan Ambition's height.

3 Nor linger ye, by Siren strand,
Allured by guileful lays,
But turn from Pleasure's beckoning hand,
And Fashion's hollow praise.

4 Nor drift ignobly with the crowd,
Down life's unruffled stream,
Content to reap what others sowed,
And through the noontide dream.

5 But where the great world's tide flows free,
Your fitting labour find,
And let your loyal service be
With loftier hopes entwined.

6 And as, afar, the swift years bear
Your youthful joy and grace,
Seek ye to win and nobly wear
The crown of faithfulness.

323 7-6 M.

1 LIFE and light and joy are found
In the presence of the Lord:
Life with richest blessings crowned,
Light from many fountains poured.

2 Bring to Him life's brightest hours,
He will make them still more bright;
Give to Him your noblest powers,
He will hallow all your might.

3 All your questions large and deep,
All the open thought of youth,
Bring to Him, and you shall reap
All the harvest wealth of truth.

4 Then when comes life's wider sphere,
And its busier enterprise,
You shall find Him ever near,
Watching with approving eyes.

5 And if care should dim your eye,
Or life's shadows fall apace,
You shall find Him ever nigh,
See the glory of his face.

324

C.M.

1. LORD, in the fulness of my might,
I would for Thee be strong;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee would soar my song.

2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess thy love;
Nor would I feel my strength depart,
And then thy service prove.

3 I would not with swift-wingèd zeal
On worldly errands go,
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

4 O, not for Thee, my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part,
O, not for Thee, my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

5 Lord, choose me in my golden time,
In my fresh joys have part;
For Thee the glory of my prime,
The fulness of my heart!

325

8-7 M.

1 ONWARD, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone:
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on.

2 By the thorn-road and none other,
Is the mount of vision won:
Tread it without shrinking, brother,
Jesus trod it,—press thou on.

3 By thy trustful, calm endeavour,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver,
O, for their sake, press thou on.

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace:
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

5 Pray thou, undiscouraged, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus—"Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

326

L.M.

1 NOT pilgrims of the night are we,
But children of the morning fair,
And in the dawning we may see
Our Promised Land in purest air;

2 And on we press, nor faint nor tire,
Though up o'er rugged heights we climb,
Each summit gained reveals a higher,
And shows a landscape more sublime,

3 Where fruitful realms, afar unrolled,
To wondering eyes their wealth display:
The toil of ages manifold,
Fair birthright of this later day.

4 With kindling hearts we pause to scan
The rich, abundant heritage,
Joint boon bestowed by God and man,
Sure foretaste of the Golden Age.

5 And wafting grateful praise on high,
We pray the gift may soon be borne
To those who still, sore burdened, sigh
And darkling tread life's ways forlorn.

327

L.M.

1 SOURCE of all power, who leadest still
From strength to strength all purpose high,
We hear thy call, we know thy will,
Help each to answer, "Here am I."

2 Send us amid the world's dim ways
Glimpses and gleams of life more fair:
Wide visions lit by Reason's rays,
The calm of quiet heights of prayer.

3 Yet while we seek for strength above,
Keep firm our touch with human need,
Till Faith go hand in hand with Love,
Each generous dream with kindly deed.

4 So through our aid the worn may rest,
The hurt be healed, the bond set free,
Till strong and weak alike be blest,
And bound by ties of sympathy.

328

10 M.

1 SOUL, struggle on, for in the darkest night
Still broods the majesty of deathless Right,
If to its promptings clear thou still art true,
Life's larger, sweeter lights will flash to view.

2 The stars will shine above this world of sin,
And to thine ear the heavenly voice within
Will breathe its mandate, and its lofty song,
And we shall know that Duty still is strong;

3 That there is Heart and Life, the Pure, the Fair;
That Good is radiant in the sunny air,
And Wisdom shaping to remotest star,
And Love is yearning where the lowest are.

329

6-4 M.

1 IF I in harvest fields
Where strong ones reap,
May bind one golden sheaf
In love to keep;

2 Or fashion but one stone
Of that fair shrine,
Built up of living hearts,
In bonds divine;

3 May speak one quiet word
When all is still,
Helping some fainting heart
To bear thy will;

4 Or sing one high, clear song
On which may soar
Some glad soul heavenward,
I ask no more.

330

8-7 M.

1 BRIGHT and fair, the Golden City
Gleams from out the legends old,
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous things of it are told.

2 Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its sacred walls;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns through all its halls.

3 We are builders of that City,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building-stones.

4 For that City we must labour,
For its sake bear pain and grief;
In it find the end of living
And the anchor of belief.

5 And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
Oft in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with the years.

6 It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right;
It will pass into the splendours
Of the City of the Light.

331

7 M.

1 CAN our God a table spread
In the spirit's wilderness,
When from old-world bondage fled,
We to Freedom turn our face?

2 When the creed-bound, captive mind
Strains its galling yoke to throw,
Shall we, o'er the desert, find
Fields, where milk and honey flow?

3 Yes, when we, in Reason's might,
Scorn the bondsman's bitter bread:
When the faded faith and rite
Seem but phantoms of the dead,

4 Then from heaven shall manna fall,
Pillared cloud and flame appear,
And the voice from Sinai call
To our souls, in accents clear.

5 And though desert ways be long,
And the mirage mocks our eyes,
Soon we lift our glad new song,
As the hills of Freedom rise.

6 Ransomed thus, by mighty hand,
We may build, as seasons roll,
In our Canaan's holy land,
God's fair temple of the soul.

332

C.M.

1 TO God's supreme, exalted name
We lift united praise,
And pray but that his purpose frame
True glory for our days.

2 There have been nobler times than ours
And loftier emprise wrought,
When Faith gave birth to higher powers
Of action and of thought.

3 There have been loftier natures too,
Anointed sons of men,
Because they had great deeds to do,
Greatness was goodness then.

4 But high achievements still remain
For us beneath the sun,
And while the powers of evil reign
Great triumphs may be won.

5 Yet now no grander victories
Can come with changing time,
Than but to do what in us lies,—
This makes our days sublime.

333

C.M.

1 HIGH Powers, to whom in later time
The fairest temples rise,
Strong Science, girt with Truth sublime,
Sweet Faith, with upturned eyes.

2 They dwell apart, this radiant pair,
In different garb appear,
And while the vows of men they share,
Have separate altars here.

3 A golden lamp the one displays,
Of brightness clear and keen,
The other walks 'neath starry rays,
With sometimes clouds between.

4 One shows the world, with wondrous art,
To measure, weigh, and prove,
The other, with confiding heart,
Proclaims the law of Love.

5 Great Leaders of celestial birth!
To both be homage given,
To Science that interprets earth,
And Faith, the seer of heaven.

334

7 M.

1 HAPPY who in early youth,
While yet pure and innocent,
Stores the mind with heavenly truth—
Life's unfading ornament.

2 Happy who in tender years
Seeks the highest for support;
Who life's bark unerring steers,
That it surely reach the port.

3 Guide, O God, our youthful band,
Lead them in thy law and light,
All undaunted may they stand,
In the strength of conscious right.

4 Their unfolding souls are thine,
Undefiled they came from Thee,
Guard them that their spirits shine
Still in stainless purity.

PENITENCE.

335 8-6 M.

1 THOU heavenly Presence, veiled from sight,
Whose heart of love in all doth beat,
Vainly, amid the orbs of light,
We seek thy mercy-seat.

2 The utmost spheres may be thy throne,
The stars the garment round thy feet,
But through the void of space unknown
There shines no mercy-seat.

3 No more in Israel's Holiest Place,
The seraphs' golden pinions meet
In mystic gloom, concealed from gaze,
Above the mercy-seat.

4 Lonely are Shiloh's sacred hills,
And silence reigns in Salem's street:
Our bosom's shrine thy pity fills,—
There is thy mercy-seat.

5 When contrite hearts before Thee lie,
And healing power and peace entreat,
Thy voice within, O God Most High,
Reveals thy mercy-seat.

336

C.M.

1 O RICHLY, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by Thee!
And morning, noon, and night Thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

2 And yet the love which Thou should'st claim
To idols I have given;
Too oft have bound to earth the hopes
That know no home but heaven.

3 Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to Thee;
Father, O more than Father, Thou
Hast always been to me.

4 Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son;

5 That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Instil into my heart of hearts
Fresh love, and hope, and faith.

6 That these, like armour to my soul,
May keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

337

C.M.

1 GOD of my life and all my powers,
The everlasting Friend!
Shall life, so favoured in its dawn,
Be fruitless in its end?

2 To Thee, O Lord, my tender years
A trembling duty paid,
With glimpses of the mighty God
Delighted and afraid.

3 From parent's eye, and paths of men,
Thy touch I ran to meet;
It swelled the hymn, and sealed the prayer;
'Twas calm, and strange, and sweet!

4 Oft when beneath the work of sin
Trembling and dark I stood,
And felt the edge of eager thought,
The strength of kindling blood;—

5 Thy dew came down,—my heart was thine;
It knew nor doubt nor strife;
Cool now, and peaceful as the grave,
And strong to second life.

6 Still will I hope for voice and strength
To glorify thy name;
Though I must die to all that's mine,
And suffer all my shame.

338 7 M.

1 GOD of mercy, God of love!
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own;
Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy, God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore us by thy grace,
Thou to whom all praise belongs!

339

C.M.

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

340

7 M.

1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?—
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save.

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God can make thee whole.

4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek Him, for He may be found;
Call upon Him, He is near.

341

C.M.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
These new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Father bids thee live;
Take up thy cross, and grateful learn
How soon He can forgive.

4 Repentant wanderer, return,
And dry the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

342 C.M.

1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

343

7 M.

1 WHEN across the inward thought
Comes the emptiness of life,
And it seems that earth has nought
But a vain and weary strife;

2 All to do and nothing done;
Useless days fast fleeting by;
Wanderings many, progress none,
Faltering steps by fountains dry,—

3 Shall we in that cheerless mood,
Faint and fall beside the way?
Help us, Giver of all good;
Raise thy humbled ones, we pray.

4 O forgive our faithless mind,
Raise us from our low estate,
Breathe in us the will to find
Higher life in small and great.

344

6 M.

1 WE name thy Name, O God,
As our God call on Thee,
Though the dark heart meantime
Far from thy ways may be.

2 And we can own thy law,
And sing thy sweetest songs,
While the sad soul within
To shame and sin belongs.

3 On us thy love may glow,
As the pure midday beams
On unclean ways look down;
E'en as on fair, sweet streams.

4 Then spare not, Lord, to cleanse
With searching light and pain,
Burn out our sin, and give
Thy love to heal again.

345

8-4 M.

1 ONE thing I of the Lord desire,
For all my way hath darksome been,
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean.

2 If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

3 Yea, only as the heart is clean,
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.

4 So cleanse Thou me, without, within,
With chastening fire, if that must be:
I welcome pain, if only sin
Die out in me.

346

8 M.

1 SPIRIT of grace, thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead!
Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife
The patient pilgrim still is led!
Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to Thee I come!

2 Pure fire of God, burn out my sin,
Cleanse all the earthly dross from me;
Refine my secret heart within,
The golden streams of love set free!
Live Thou in me, O Life divine!
Until my deepest love be thine.

3 O Breath from far eternity!
Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
Spring up amidst the desert-sand;
And where thy living water flows,
My heart shall blossom as the rose.

347

10 M.

1 O SEND me not away, for I would drink,
E'en I the weakest, at the fount of life,
Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink
Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

2 Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
Strong in the majesty of human might?
Lo, I return, all wounded and forlorn,
My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

3 Was I not girded for the battle-field?
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword?
Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
And lend to me thy heavenly armour, Lord.

348

C.M.

1 O SINNER! bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer:
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To beat the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of Thee:
Thy secret soul He bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O let us then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
And stay the uplifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge! if Thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need;
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

349

7-6 M.

1 HOLY Spirit, grieved and tried,
Often silenced and defied,
Now we mourn our wayward pride,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 We thy call have disobeyed,
Into sinful paths have strayed,
And our penitence delayed,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Bound, we pray for liberty
Blind, we pray that we may see,
Wanderers, we thine own would be,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Thou, who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of goodness win,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

350

10-6 M.

1 BECAUSE I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark,
O Lord, I do repent.

2 Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on,
O Lord, I do repent.

3 Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee,
O Lord, I do repent.

4 Because I was impatient,—would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across the threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life,
O Lord, I do repent.

5 Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
And given me love unstinted, till I weep,
Hast called me as a parent calls a child,
O Lord, I do repent.

351

8-4 M.

1 FROM fretful care and selfish strife,
From every base, unworthy quest,
Amid our eager, anxious life,
Lord, give us rest.

2 And now, when ways of sin and fear
Have left us burdened and distressed,
In tender pity, Lord, draw near
To give us rest.

3 If troubles come in stern array,
And we in fight are sorely pressed,
Then, Father, be our strength and stay,
And give us rest.

4 When inly blind, we cannot trace
The glorious visions of the blest,
Let heavenly light the shadows chase,
And give us rest.

5 When darkness covers earthly things,
And heaven is sunless in the west,
Then gather us beneath thy wings,
To give us rest.

352

7 M.

1 LOVE for all, and can it be
Can I hope it is for me?
I who strayed so long ago,—
Strayed so far, and fell so low.

2 I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild;
Who forsook my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam.

3 To my Father can I go?
At his feet myself I'll throw:
In his house there yet may be
Even a lowly place for me.

4 See, my Father waiting stands,
See, He reaches out his hands,
God is love, I know and see,
There is love for me,—even me!

353

S.M.

1 GIVE forth thine earnest cry,
O Conscience, voice of God!
To young and old, to low and high,
Proclaim his will abroad.

2 Within the human breast
Thy strong monitions plead,
Still lift aloud thy stern protest
Against the unrighteous deed.

3 Show the true way of peace,
O Thou, our guiding light!
From bondage of the wrong release,
To service of the right.

354 P.M.

1 O LORD! thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee:
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

2 What'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy!
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee;
On Thee, my God! on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee:
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want, I find in Thee;
In Thee, my God! in Thee.

355

7-5 M.

1 COME to our poor nature's night,
With thy blessed inward light,
Holy Spirit, Infinite;
Comforter Divine.

2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord,
Sick and faint—thy strength afford,
Lost—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Lonely are our souls, and poor,
Give us from thy heavenly store,
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Hidden things unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

5 Gentle, patient, heavenly Guest,
Make thy temple in each breast;
There thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards by the starry road,
Lead us to thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

356

C.M.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace,
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
The broken heart 'tis Thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

357

8-6 M.

1 TO-DAY, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest;
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

2 A marvel seems the universe;
Unsearchable our life and death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

3 And now my spirit, far from home,
Longs for the light whereby to see,
And like a wearied child, would come,
O Father, unto Thee.

4 Though oft, like signs on drifting sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day.

358 C.M.

1 O THAT Thou would'st the darkness rend
And comfort me with light;
In love and holiness descend,
And scatter all my night.

2 Consume my sin, my death dispel,
Bid feebleness depart,
Thou, stronger than my selfish will,
Thou, greater than my heart.

3 Then, when my sin has found defeat,
And Thou hast all my soul,
Lead me to pastures soft, where sweet
The healing waters roll;

4 That I may rest awhile, before
I take my work again;
And hear, from forth the eternal shore,
The requiem of pain.

359

C.M.

1 HOW fast the clouds of frailty rise,
And dim the light within;
How soon the glory of the skies
Is veiled o'er paths of sin.

2 Alluring lies the flowery way
Over forbidden ground;
But all unblest the feet that stray,
Though pleasures flit around.

3 Delusive as the desert gleams
In beauty,—swift to fade,
So Folly's soft, enchanting dreams
Vanish in silent shade.

4 Our spring glides on to wintry snows,
As wasted years depart;
And unavailing sorrow throws
Its arrows in the heart.

5 Then, Lord, be Thou the soul's defence,
When Sin usurps its throne;
Turn Thou the heart to penitence,
Rouse Conscience' warning tone.

6 Vanquish the power of vain delights,
Bid servile bondage cease;
And sweet as balm from Gilead's heights,
Shed down the dew of Peace.

360

C.M.

1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's path,
Sun of our life's brief day,
Arise, and with thy cheering beams,
Chase all our fears away.

2 Thine is the light that ever fills
The waiting soul anew;
But we with dim and wandering steps
Forsake the pathway true.

3 From verdant pastures we have strayed,
O'er wastes and barren sand;
Though clear thy royal highway lay
Up to the better land.

4 But when our inward vision fails,
Through clouds of sin and doubt;
Shed Thou the radiance of thy love
To drive the darkness out.

5 Give us thy strength, for we are weak,
Thy light, for we are blind,
Guide Thou our steps, till in thy heaven
Unbroken peace we find.

361

7 M.

1 SOUL! celestial in thy birth,
Dwelling yet in lowest earth,
Longing ever to be free,
Hear God's spirit whisper thee;—

2 "Lo, thy heart hath wavered long,
Ye have dallied oft with wrong;
From thy Father's gracious love,
Still for ever wilt thou rove?"

3 Lord, we answer, lurks there aught,
False within our inmost thought,
Make our penitence sincere,
E'en through chastisement severe.

4 We will shun no toil or woe,
Where Thou leadest we will go,
If but every hour may be
Filled as best it pleaseth Thee.

362

C.M.

1 O WHEREFORE, Lord, doth thy dear praise
But tremble on my tongue,
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full triumphant song?

2 How can this heart its anthem lift
So ready to transgress;
How can my spirit's wing be swift,
In my unworthiness?

3 O make me, Lord, thy statutes learn,
Keep in thy ways my feet;
Then shall my lips divinely burn,
Then shall my songs be sweet.

4 Let perfect holiness be given
To make this voice divine,
Till all the harmony of heaven
Breathe in this song of mine.

363 8-7 M.

1 DEAREST of all earthly treasures
Is the Father's precious name;
None so weak and none so sinful
But his changeless love can claim.

2 As the moon in depths of midnight
Bears the sun's reflected beams,
So the erring soul has moments
When His radiance o'er it streams.

3 There's no atom, howe'er hidden,
But with life shall sometime thrill;
There's no soul so sin-enshrouded
Love may not its darkness fill.

4 So inspire us, O our Father,
Till this trust shall touch the heart,
And in penitence and patience,
Those draw nigh who stand apart.

364

L.M.

1 THE breeze o'er ancient hills that blew,
And caught a martyr's tender prayer,
Still breathes and echoes in the air,
"Forgive! they know not what they do."

2 Who then will deem that men should mourn
In weakness, as bereft of hope,
When toiling on the upward slope,
They sink by frailty downward borne.

3 Who constant mount are not the men
Who know the nobleness of life;
But they who Wisdom learn through strife,
And they who fall to rise again.

DUTY AND DISCIPLINE.

365

L.M.

1 FATHER, I pray for power to take
And use thy heavenly gifts aright;
For strength and wisdom that shall make
My life a scene of calm delight.

2 I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

3 And though I may not always tread
In places smooth and green and sweet,
Nor find the way that I am led
An easy pathway for my feet;

4 Yet grant that when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely o'er the waters sweep,
I make not shipwreck of my faith,
On life's unfathomed, restless deep.

5 But rising over sin and strife,
May thine own peace be shed on me,
Till Thou be found in all my life,
And all my life be given to Thee.

366

8-7 M.

1 TELL me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

4 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

5 Footprints that, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

367

L.M.

1 HE liveth long who liveth well,
All else is life but thrown away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

2 Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give:
Else is that being but a dream,
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

3 Fill up each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

4 Sow truth, if thou the true would'st reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
From hollow deeds and words refrain.

5 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright:
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

368

S.M.

1 GOD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength for ever art,
We come to do thy will.

2 Upon the toilsome way,
By saints serenely trod,
Bearing the burden of the day,
Would we go forth, O God!

3 To draw thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
To give this glorious world its crown
Of truth and righteousness.

4 No dreams, from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue;
Lord! in thy rest may we be calm,
Through thy completeness, strong.

5 Thou hearest while we pray;
O deep within us write,
With kindling power, O God, to-day,
Thy word—"On earth be Light!"

369

C.M.

1 THOU must not seek for ease nor rest,
Until thy work be done;
Thou must not lay thy burden down
Till setting of life's sun.

2 Thou must not weary of thy task,
Nor scorn thy lowly lot,
Nor cease to toil, because such work
Thy neighbour prizeth not.

3 Thou must not let thy heart grow cold,
Nor hush its generous tone,
Nor veil the pity in thine eye;
Thou must not stand alone.

4 When others strive, thou too must help,
And answer when they call;
The gift of love that God has given,
Thou must employ for all.

5 Unmoved to gaze upon the strife
Is not true liberty;
Thou, too, must work with heart and hand,
To make thy brethren free.

370

L.M.

1 GO forth to life, O child of earth!
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth:
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

2 Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

3 Go on, from innocence of youth,
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

4 Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here,
Thy neighbour help, thy God revere.

371

L.M.

1 SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.

2 We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win:
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendour of the prize.

3 No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From earnest toil our hands to keep;
No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please.

4 With the brave heart and steady eye
We onward march to victory:
And though with weariness oppressed,
'Tis but a little, and we rest.

372 7 M.

1 THERE'S a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close;
Blest the bold who dare engage,
Woe to him who seeks repose!

2 What our foes? Each thought impure;
Passions fierce that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;—

3 Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land;
Every discord of our age.

4 On then, to the glorious field!
He who dies, true life shall save;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

373

8-7 M.

1 ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

2 Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained by Heaven.

3 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labour
Still be sure to do our part.

4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night;—

5 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

374 8, 7, 5 M.

1 HAST thou midst life's empty noises
Heard the solemn, high command,
Uttered by mysterious voices
From the unseen land?
Early hath their earnest message
Thrilled within thy youthful heart,
With a deep and strong beseeching,—
"Choose the nobler part?"

2 Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth their strong entreating tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end:
Not to idle dreams and fancies,
Folded hands and solemn tone;
But to faith, in daily striving,
And by duty shown:

3 Earnest toil and strong endeavour
Of a spirit which, within,
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;
And without, with tireless vigour,
Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the name of Right assaileth
Every form of wrong.

375 C.M.

1 WHAT guerdon hast Thou, Lord, for those
Who spend their all on Thee?
What grace, what glory should compose
Thy servants' dignity?

2 They find their glory in their task,
Their gladness in their care;
What grace, what guerdon need they ask
Who of thy household are?

3 No weariness o'ercomes their feet;
For Thee they go and come:
Their painful pilgrimage how sweet!
For still they are at home.

4 Thy voice their daily task commands;
Thy work their hearts employ:
How sweetly toil their happy hands!
What labour and what joy!

5 For Thee my hands would toil; for Thee
My feet would go and come;
Still of thy household I would be,
On earth, in heaven,—at home!

376

C.M.

1 O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

3 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

4 Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

5 For God upholds the rightful cause,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

377

7 M.

1 CHILD of Passion and of Pain,
Sounding all of being's scale;
Golden link in Nature's chain
'Twixt the perfect and the frail:

2 Lord of gladness and of tears,
Owner of all lands in fee
By a title that inheres
In his spirit's majesty.

3 As he ponders, heaven bends,
Letting all its secrets through;
And each gift and grace attends
In a glorious retinue.

4 Working up through cycles wide,
Nature finds in him her goal;
All her forces glorified
Reach their blossom in his soul.

378

C.M.

1 AFLOAT upon life's broadening stream,
With freer air and light,
What gracious ministries of joy
May bring us fresh delight.

2 Let Science scan earth's open page,
And suns and planets trace,
Let Art reveal the inner thought
In Nature's forms of grace.

3 Let Faith attune the hidden strings
That Science may not sound,
And future, past and present bind
In one harmonious round.

4 From all their springs may gladness flow,
Lest care our vision dim,
And may their sweetness fill the chords
Of life's triumphant hymn.

379 C.M.

1 'TIS well, O heart, no life of ease
Before thee opens fair;
That perfect life would fail to please
Which breathed but softer air.

2 'Tis not when zephyrs kindly blow,
And calmly, sweetly steal;
When waters musically flow,
And laugh along the keel;

3 'Tis in the dashing of life's wave,
And in the sudden shock;
'Tis when the soul, though stout and brave,
Is ground upon the rock,

4 That life's most sheltered port is neared,
Where storm-tossed souls may rest;
And whence our bark is straightest steered
For Islands of the Blest.

380

8-7 M.

1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the Guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the object of our journey,
One the faith that never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

4 One the faith that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one,
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun.

5 One the gladness of rejoicing,
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father,
Reigns in love for evermore.

6 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the Cross our aid,
Bear its shame, and fight our battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

381

L.M.

1 SUPREME and universal Light!
Fountain of reason, Judge of right,
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:

2 Without whose kind directing ray
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tossed,
And in a maze of error lost:

3 Assist me, Lord, to act, to be
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

4 May my expanded soul disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim,
But with a Christian view embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.

5 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more I wish, no more I want:
To know, to serve Thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

382

7 M.

1 HEIR of all the ages, I
Hold the treasures they have wrought;
All their store of emprise high;
All their wealth of precious thought.

2 Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labours, all their prayers,
Sanctify the present day.

3 Heir of all that they have earned,
By their passions and their tears,
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years;

4 Heir of all the faith sublime,
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that time
To earth's fainting sons hath given.

5 With my heart uplifted high,
Strength to do and to endure;
Heir of all the ages, I
Feel myself no longer poor.

383

L.M.

1 COME, labour on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
"Go work to-day"?

2 Come, labour on:
The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New places must be filled, and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is "Come."

3 Come, labour on;
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear,
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

4 Come, labour on:
No time for rest till glows the western sky,
And the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done!"

5 Come, labour on:
The toil is pleasant and the harvest sure;
Blessed are they that to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be
O Lord, with Thee!

384

S.M.

1 SAY not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee:
That heavenly law within may shine,
And there its brightness be.

2 Soar not, my soul, on high,
To bring it down to earth:
No star within the vaulted sky
Is of such priceless worth.

3 Thou need'st not launch thy bark
Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
That brings this dove to thee.

4 Cease, then, my soul, to roam;
Thy wanderings all are vain:
That holy word is found at home,
Within thy heart its reign.

385

8-7 M.

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruit will thus be given,
Through an influence divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Summer comes; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.

386

8-7 M.

1 HEAVEN is here: where hymns of gladness
Cheer the toiler's rugged way,
In this world, where clouds of sadness
Often change to night our day.

2 Heaven is here: where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen;
Where the face of sorrow brightened
By the deed of love hath been;—

3 Where the sad, the poor, despairing,
Are uplifted, cheered, and blest;
Where, in others' labours sharing,
We can find our surest rest;—

4 Where we heed the voice of duty,
Tread the path that Jesus trod;
This is heaven,—its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the love of God.

387 C.M.

1 YOUNG souls, so strong the race to run,
And win each height sublime!
Unweary still would ye march on,
And still exulting, climb.

2 Walk with the Lord! along the road
Your strength He will renew;
Wait on the everlasting God,
And He will wait on you.

3 Burn with his love, your fading fire
An endless flame will glow;
Life from the well of life require,
The stream will ever flow.

4 Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
Still in the spirit strong:
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend the exulting song.

5 Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
And heights sublime explore;
Like eagles ye shall sunward gaze,
Like eagles heavenward soar.

388

S.M.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

6 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—'Harvest home!'

389

L.M.

1 ABIDE not in the realm of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

2 In slumber fold not idle hands,
Forgetful of thy God's commands;
From duty's claim no life is free,
Behold, to-day hath need of thee!

3 While daylight lingers, do thy best,
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And duty done, thy soul shall know
The peace we gain not here below.

390

7 M.

1 THOU, whose name is blazoned forth
On our banner's gleaming fold,
Freedom! all thy sacred worth
Never yet has half been told.

2 But to-day we sing of one
More majestic far than thou;
With the seal of time begun
Stamped upon her royal brow.

3 She is Duty: in her hand
Is the sceptre of her sway;
Hers the accent of command,
Ours with gladness to obey.

4 But her bondage is so sweet,
And her burdens make us strong,
Wings they seem to weary feet,
Changing sadness into song.

5 Wheresoever she may lead,
Freshly guiding every day,
May our steps be free to speed
In her ever brightening way.

391

S.M.

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend:
In all I do, be Thou the way,
In all, be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake:
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws
E'en servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

392

C.M.

1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stóres of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the stainless prize
Of honour fair appears.

4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

393

7-6 M.

1 O COME in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrow ends thy day.

2 Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow;
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

3 Remember thy Creator
Before the evil days,
And He will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.

4 And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.

5 And when life's storms are over,
And thou from earth art free,
Then God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

394

L.M.

1 TRULY the light of morn is sweet,
And sweet it is to see the sun;
But though the cheerful hours may fleet
And years pass gaily one by one,—
O blot not eager from thy mind
The thought of darker days behind.

2 Rejoice, O child of mortal birth!
In all the pride of youth rejoice;
And let the beauteous things of earth
Allure thine eye, invite thy choice:
Yet know, for blessings freely given,
Thine is a large account with heaven.

3 And O remember, ere the day,
The evil day, of grief shall come,
When all the joy is passed away,
And nought is left but gathering gloom:
Remember, ere the creatures fall,
Him, first and last, who gave them all.

395

8-7 M.

1 FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathways
May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would win the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father! be Thou at our side.

396 C.M.

1 GREAT Lord of Life! what length of days
Hast Thou assigned to me;—
How far along life's pleasant ways
Shall I be led by Thee?

2 Must love be quenched, and labour cease
In darkness, ere the night,
Or shall my life's long day of peace
At evening time be light?

3 Lord, closely veiled the future lies;
But may I work thy will
From morning's glow till daylight dies,
And thine own aim fulfil;

4 That ere the Silent Angel's hand
Be on my brow impressed,
My earthly task completed stand,
And nought remain but rest.

397

S.M.

1 MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze,
How swift its moments fly!

2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, or sigh, or grieve;
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live.

3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
The day will soon be gone.

4 The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies;
The silent toil that is not lost—
Set these before thine eyes.

5 The seed whose leaf and flower,
Though poor in human sight,
Brings forth at last eternal fruit,
Sow thou by day and night.

398

8-7 M.

1 LIVE for something, be not idle,
Look around thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming,
Labour is the sweetest joy.

2 Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for all hath many duties,
Active, be then, while you may.

3 Scatter blessings in your pathway,
Gentle words and cheering smiles;
Better far than gold and silver,
Are their grief-dispelling wiles.

4 As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth;
So the voice of soft compassion,
Cheers the cold and darkened hearth.

5 Unto hearts oppressed and weary,
Give thy love and sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
And thy great reward shall be,

6 Joy unto thy soul returning,
From the heavenly fountain-head,
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

399

C.M.

1 OH, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More labourers for the Lord."

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophet's word and martyr's blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou, whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do thy will we come;
For Thee our loving service give,
And bear our harvest home.

400

C.M.

1 WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine!

2 No longer in our helplessness,
As pilgrims worn and weak,
In hopes to reach thy presence, Lord,
Some far-off shrine we seek.

3 We turn from following Thee afar,
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

4 And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy should mingle with the faith
That feels Thee ever near?

5 And not the less shall hearts as pure,
Nor less shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

401 L.M.

1 NOW is the seedtime; God alone,
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
Beholds the end of what is sown:
The harvest time is hid with Him.

2 Yet unforgotten where it lies,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
The seed of generous sacrifice
Shall rise with bloom and fruit, at last.

3 And he who blesses most is blest,
For God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave, as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth.

402

7 M.

1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Will ye shrink when tempests lower?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward, then, to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

403 8-7 M.

1 CHRISTIAN warrior! faint not, fear not!
Though thy foes press thickly round:
Scorn to yield, as those who hear not
The glad gospel's trumpet sound!

2 Christian warrior! ne'er unarm thee,
Lest, in flattering pleasure's guise,
Subtle foes should seek to harm thee;—
Christian sentinel, be wise!

3 Wearied warrior! still assure thee,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be;
Having borne the battle's fury,
Turn not at its close and flee!

4 Lo! the clouds of war are clearing;
Foes are waxing faint and few;
Through their scattered ranks appearing,
Zion's towers expand to view!

5 Christian warrior! grace protect thee;
Watch and pray and onward hie;
Zion's herald hosts expect thee,
With their songs of victory!

404

L.M.

1 THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Hath brought us here before thy face,
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

2 We humbly bring our noblest powers
As offerings to thy holy shrine;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours,
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

3 While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

4 And now with eager hearts we stand,
To give our strength to Thee, great God!
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long hath trod.

5 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight:
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.

6 Grant us thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy blest presence with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest to do thy will.

405

8-4 M.

1 ARISE my soul! nor dream the hours
Of life away;
Awake! and do thy rightful task
While yet 'tis day.

2 The worker, not the dreamer, breaks
The baleful spell,
That holds in bonds the beauteous earth
On which we dwell.

3 Arise! Oppression's leaden feet
Still tread o'er men,
And War imprints, on smiling lands,
Her blood-red stain.

4 Put forth thy might, employ thy powers,
Not as a slave;
Nor as the thousands, who in sloth,
Go to the grave.

5 The brow of Wrong is laurel-crowned,
Not girt with shame:
And Love and Righteousness as yet
Are but a name.

6 From out time's urn your golden hours
Flow fast away;—
Then wake from dreams and do life's work
While yet 'tis day.

406

8-7 M.

1 COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;—
Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Perish guile and selfish cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

4 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
Trust in God, and do the right.

5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee.
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,—
Trust in God, and do the right.

407 C.M.

1 THE world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
Within man's heart remain.

2 The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal,
The story of hope's song.

3 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed:
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed:

4 And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears—to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

5 And neither loss, nor grief, nor sin
Her promise can gainsay;
The voice divine, that speaks within,
Shall not our hearts betray.

408

C.M.

1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

409

8-6 M.

1 BRIGHT Star of Hope, thy rise we greet.
Our hearts drink in thy cheering rays,
That light the path for pilgrim feet,
And tune the soul to praise.

2 Shine on, fair Star! thy gentle light
Comes, like a welcome herald's voice,
From out the dark and threatening night,
To bid the world rejoice.

3 Thou guiding light, thy beams we hail;
On life's rough wave, we turn to thee,
When, like the helmsman in the gale,
We, helpless, face the sea.

4 Spread far thy rays, that all may learn
To read thy heavenly message clear,
And hope in every bosom burn,
Of high achievement here.

410 L.M.

1 WE all must work with head or hand
For self or others, good or ill;
Life is ordained to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will.

2 Evil has force itself to sow
Where we deny the healthy seed,
And all our choice is this—to grow
Pasture and grain, or noisome weed.

3 Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each other's lot;
For those that seem the easiest parts,
Have travail which ye reckon not.

4 And he is bravest, happiest, best,
Who from the task within his span,
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of good for man.

411

8-7 M.

1 WORK, it is thy highest mission;
Work, all blessing centres there;
Work for culture, for the vision
Of the true, and good, and fair.

2 'Tis of knowledge the condition,
Opening still new fields beyond;
'Tis of thought the full fruition;
'Tis of love the perfect bond.

3 Work; by labour comes unsealing
Of the thoughts that in thee burn;
Comes in action the revealing
Of the truths thou hast to learn.

4 Work in helping, loving union
With thy brethren of mankind;
With the foremost hold communion,
Succour those who toil behind.

5 For true work can never perish;
And thy followers in the way,
For thy works thy name shall cherish:
Work, while it is called to-day.

412 C.M.

1 THE toil of head, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot,
He who God's call can understand,
Will work and murmur not.

2 Toil is no thorny crown of pain,
Bound round man's brow for sin;
True souls from it, all strength may gain,
High manliness may win.

3 O God, who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
As best it pleaseth Thee.

4 Where'er Thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what Thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

5 Our strength of arm, and skill of hand
Are not our own, but thine;
We yield them to thy high command
Who makest life divine.

6 To our high calling keep us true
Through earthly loss or gain;
And as our years are swift and few,
Let us not toil in vain.

413

10-4 M.

1 'TIS not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And work is here:
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,—
A dropping tear:
We have no time to sport away the hours:
For strength soon faileth in a life like ours.

2 Not many lives but only one, have we—
Frail, fleeting man!
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with earnest toil;
Hour after hour, yielding some precious spoil.

3 Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream:
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seem:
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

4 Our sorrows are no phantoms of the night,
No idle tale,
No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
On summer gale,
They are the common lot of all on earth,
Familiar friends e'en from the hour of birth.

414 6-4 M.

1 TO Thee, my God, to Thee,
Teach me to live;
To Thee, my God, to Thee,
All would I give.

2 Whate'er I hold most dear
I would resign,
Sure I have nothing here—
All mine is Thine.

3 What most my soul doth prize
That least is mine;
Naught that is lovely dies,
For it is Thine.

4 The life that came from Thee
Can never die;
Teach me to yield it Thee
Without a sigh.

5 For still my heart does cling
To what is fair;
Heavenward my spirit wing,
And fix it there.

6 Bear all that most I love
To heavenly rest;
Bear thus my soul above,
And make it blest.

415 L.M.

1 WHEN gladness gilds our prosperous day,
And hope is by fruition crowned,
With thankful heart and voice we say,
"How doth the love of God abound."

2 But is that love less truly shown,
When earthly joys lie cold and dead,
And hopes have faded one by one,
Leaving sad memories in their stead?

3 God knows the discipline we need,
Nor sorrow sends for sorrow's sake;
And though our stricken hearts may bleed,
His mercy will not let them break.

4 Teach us, O Lord, to see the good
Thou sendest in the guise of ill;
Since all Thou dost, if understood,
Interpreteth thy loving will.

5 For pain is not the end of pain,
Not seldom trial comes to bless,
And work for us abundant gain,—
The peaceful fruits of righteousness.

416 C.M.

1 WE praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,
For days of quiet rest;
But O! how seldom do we feel
That pain and tears are best.

2 We praise Thee for the shining sun,
For kind and gladsome ways:
When shall we learn, O Lord, to sing
Through weary nights and days?

3 We praise Thee when our path is plain
And smooth beneath our feet;
And fain would learn to welcome pain,
And call the bitter sweet.

4 Teach Thou our weak and wandering hearts
Aright to read thy way,
That Thou with loving hand dost trace
Our history every day.

5 Then every thorny crown of care,
Worn well in patience now,
Shall grow a glorious diadem
Upon the faithful brow;

6 And Sorrow's face shall be unveiled,
And we at last shall see
Her eyes are full of tenderness,
Her speech but echoes Thee.

417

S.M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Maker's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

418

L.M.

1 O BLESSED life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will and deems,
That higher will, made ours, the best.

2 O blessed life! the mind that sees
Whatever change the years may bring,
Some good still hid in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

3 O blessed life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal life is dim,
Beyond the sense,—beyond, to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

4 O blessed life! heart, mind, and soul
From selfish aims and wishes clear,
That looks on Death without a fear,
And bows to Heaven's supreme control.

419

6-5 M. D.

1 PURER yet, and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet, and dearer,
Every duty find;
Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet, and calmer,
In the hours of pain;
Surer yet, and surer,
Peace at last to gain.
Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet, and higher,
Out of clouds and night;
Nearer yet, and nearer,
Rising to the light,—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

420

L.M. 6

1 WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides;
But tasks in hours of insight willed,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

2 With aching hands and bleeding feet,
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day and wish 'twere done:
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

3 Then when the clouds are off the soul,
And clearly shines the kindling ray,
Amid the calm of self control,
Our hearts expand to greet the day,
And all our wearied powers, at length,
Find full repose in higher strength.

421

L.M.

1 NOT only on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

2 Lord, it is good abiding here,
We cry,—the heavenly presence near:
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies!

3 Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through weary days
We travel our appointed ways.

4 The mount for vision—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
Wherein a nobler life shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

422

L.M.

1 HOW happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will:
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his only skill.

2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame, or private breath.

3 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

423

L.M.

1 IMPATIENT Heart, be still and curb
Thine eager throbs, thy keen desire;
Nor let opposing foes disturb
Thine aim, nor quench thy spirit's fire.

2 Patience, strong Will, though slowly moves
The high event thou would'st control,
Forget not, wheels that form new grooves,
In virgin soil, are hard to roll.

3 Patience, clear Mind, the listless crowd
Must linger long before they greet
Thy message with hosannas loud,
And crown thee victor o'er defeat.

4 Be firm, brave Toiler! duty asks
A service oft with sorrow fraught,
In loneliness the grandest tasks,
By faithful souls, are ever wrought.

424

10-6 M.

1 SHALL we long for homes of unbroken rest
'Neath soft and cloudless skies,
With never a storm to disturb our rest,
Nor tears to dim our eyes?

2 Nay, more we rejoice in the war of life,—
To gird our armour on,
And gain o'er its sorrow, its sin and strife,
A victory nobly won.

3 Or in peaceful days, with a gentle heart,
To dry the bitter tear,
And ever perform a brotherly part
In ills that all must bear.

4 Far better our life should a blessing bring,
And shed a healing ray,
For the pitiful heart its song can sing
Along life's roughest way.

425 8-7 M.

1 MANY a gladness, many a sorrow,
Doth the future in it hide;
Yet, undaunted by the morrow,
Forward press we side by side:
Solemn portal veiled before us,
Wakens awe within the breast;
Silently the stars rest o'er us,
Silent graves beneath us rest.

2 Heard are voices in the heaven,
Spirit leaders to us cry:
Powers for good that God has given,
Use ye, ere the night draws nigh:
Ever hope unfading borrow;
For in still eternity
Crowns are woven, that for sorrow,
And for toil, reward shall be.

426

7 M. D.

1 SOULS are built as temples are,—
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown
Lies the sure foundation stone;
Then the courses, strong to bear,
Lift the fabric pillared fair;
Last of all the lofty spire,
Soaring heavenward, high and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

2 Souls are built as temples are,—
Through the years their masonry
Mounts in strength and symmetry,
Till the painted windows hold
Symbol new or legend old.
Workers vanish one by one,
Still the labour is not done,
Still completion seems afar.

3 Souls are built as temples are,—
Based on God's eternal law
Sure and steadfast, without flaw;
Through the sunshine and the snows,
Rich or plain, the structure grows:
Things of beauty find a place,
Faithful labour lends a grace,
Every hand may make or mar.

427

7 M. 6

1 WITHOUT haste and without rest :
Bind the motto to thy breast,
Bear it with thee as a spell ;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well ;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom ;
Bear it onward to the tomb.

2 Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar the spirit's steady speed ;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might ;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

3 Rest not—life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die ;
Something worthy and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time :
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

4 Haste not, rest not—calm in strife ;
Meekly bear the storms of life ;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right whate'er betide ;
And at eve,—the conflict past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

428

C.M.

1 ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

2 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And bends to power with servile knees,
But scorns the crowd below.

3 Oh, let us hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In fortune's gifts exult no more,
In chastened wisdom move.

4 Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye lowly, banish fear:
Live, as ye worship, side by side,
Your brotherhood revere.

429

C.M.

1 THINK gently of the erring one;
O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but fallen in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones;
We yet may lead them back,
With soothing words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Remember, thou hast also sinned;
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the wayward heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

430 C.M.

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 O be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought!
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot!

431

L.M.

1 FATHER, I may not ask for less—
Give me the bond of perfectness;
The highest grace of all the three,
Enduring, heavenly charity.

2 Thinking no evil, sin she hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides;
She lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.

3 Her tender mercies freely fall
Like heaven's refreshing dews on all,
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends, her foes, the human race.

4 Nor bounded by the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown,
And this her highest glory given,
To lead the wanderers back to heaven.

432

L.M.

1 DEAR ties of mutual succour bind
The children of our feeble race;
And if our brethren were not kind,
This earth were but a weary place.

2 We lean on others as we walk
Life's twilight path with pitfalls strewn;
And 'twere an idle boast to talk
Of treading that dim path alone.

3 Amid the snares misfortune lays,
Unseen, beneath the steps of all;
Blest is the love that seeks to raise
And stay and strengthen those who fall;

4 Till, taught by him who for our sake
Bore every form of life's distress,
With every passing year we make
The sum of human sorrows less.

433 C.M.

1 WHO is thy neighbour? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless:
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim:
Oh, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim:
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbour? Pass no mourner by
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go share thy lot with him.

434

11-10 M.

1 HATH not the ancient word been truly spoken,
The holier worship, that God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

2 Then, brother-man, take to thy heart thy brother!
For where love dwells the peace of God is there:
The highest offering is to love each other;
Each smile is praise, each helpful deed a prayer.

3 Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

4 Then shall all shackles fall, the stormy clangour
Of war's wild music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

435

C.M.

1 MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
For love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

3 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above,
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,—
Such is the law of love.

436

C.M.

1 O GOD, whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear.

2 Sweeten our bitter-thoughted hearts
With charity like thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

3 Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade before thy light,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

4 Our bitterness is from the earth,
Our sweetness from on high,
Then grant us, Lord, thy Spirit's fire,
Our souls to purify.

437

8-7 M.

1 LAY thy gifts upon the altar,
In the morning of thy days:
Give to God thy strength and gladness,
Bring thy gratitude and praise.

2 Bring thy gifts unto the altar,
In the mid-day march of life:
Give thy labour for the down-cast,
And thy valour in the strife.

3 Lay thy treasures on the altar,
As the shades of evening fall:
Give the ripened fruits of wisdom,
For thy God hath given thee all.

4 Bring thy sadness to the altar,
When the stars have all gone out:
Bring thy weariness and blindness,
Bring thy sorrow and thy doubt.

5 Lay thy blessings on the altar,
Give to God thy heart's delight,
And his presence shall sustain thee
In the cloud, as in the light.

438 C.M.

1 HONOUR to him who freely gives,
As Heaven has blessed his store;
Who shares the gifts that he receives
With those who need them more;
Whose heart of love and pity moves
O'er sorrow and distress;
And in prosperity still loves
The poor and fatherless.

2 Honour to him who shuns to do
An action mean or low;
Who will the noblest course pursue
To stranger, friend, or foe;
Who seeks for justice more than gain,
Is merciful and kind;
Who will not cause a needless pain
In body or in mind.

3 Honour to him who scorns to yield
His soul as fashion's slave;
Whose mind surveys the world's broad field,
Free as the ocean wave;
Who when he sees the deed of wrong
Will dare to stand alone
And brave injustice harsh and strong,
Though sheltered by a throne.

439

7-6 M.

1 OH, look not with regretting
To time whose work is done;
Behold not with vain longing
The days thou hast to run.
Thine only is the present,
Improve each fleeting span,
And make thy future brighter
By deeds of good to man.

2 'Tis not in useless sorrow
For years of vanished youth,
'Tis not in deep lamenting
That ye knew not the truth,
That life is lifted higher
Or man made truly wise:
Redeem the time thus wasted,—
Here true repentance lies.

3 Then spend not hours so priceless
In gathering on the shore,
The wreck of things departed,—
Thy true life lies before.
Strive thou to make the present
What past days should have been,
And by its brighter lustre
The past shall not be seen.

THE ETERNAL HOPE.

440 L.M. 6

1 AT evening time, when day is done,
Life's little day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews foretell repose;
To crown my faith before the night,—
At evening time let there be light.

2 At evening time, when labour's past;
Though storms and toils have marred my day
Mercy has tempered every blast,
And love and hope have cheered the way;
Now let the parting hour be bright,
At evening time let there be light.

3 God doth send light at evening time,
And bids the fears, the doubtings flee;
Through that eternal hope sublime
Which sheds its glory over me:
The peace beyond is full in sight,
At evening time there now is light.

441

8-7 M.

1 ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown:
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! Gather quickly
This last harvest of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathered darkness
Bright, unfading stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

442

7-6 M.

1 NOW slowly, slowly darkening,
Life's evening hours roll on;
And soon behind the cloud-land
Will sink the setting sun:

2 Yet still, amid the darkness,
I feel the light is near;
And, in the awful silence,
God's voice I seem to hear.

3 His voice I hear above me;
It says—Wait, Trust, and Pray;
The night will soon be over,
And light comes with the day.

4 Father! the light and darkness
Are both alike to Thee:
Then, to thy waiting servant,
Alike they both should be.

5 To Thee I yield my spirit,
On Thee I lay my load;
Fear ends with death: beyond it
I nothing see but God.

6 Thus, moving towards the darkness,
I calmly wait his call;
Foreseeing, fearing nothing,
But hoping, trusting all.

443 C.M.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low,—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

444

L.M.

1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

2 Vain is the boast of lengthened years,
The patriarch's full maturity;
'Tis but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.

3 'He lived,—he died;' so briefly stands
The record writ on history's page;
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

4 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The countless generations lie!
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly:

5 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

445

11-10 M.

1 HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

2 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

3 Hope on, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those high songs which angels mean for thee.

4 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

446 7-6 M.

1 WHEN for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

2 Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

3 He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

4 Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river;
Death! thy hastening oar I know,
Bear me, thou Life-giver!
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

447

S.M.

1 HOW dark, how desolate
Would many a moment be,
Could we not spring, on hope's bright wing,
O God! to heaven and Thee.

2 And sometimes streaks of light
And sunny beams we see;
They shine so bright, through sorrow's night,
They needs must come from Thee!

3 So shall a morning dawn
When earthly shades are o'er,
Whose smiling ray shall wake a day
That night shall cloud no more.

4 Blest hope! and sure as blest!
Life's shades of misery
Shall soon be past, and joy at last
Give us to heaven and Thee.

448

S.M.

1 IF on a quiet sea
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee
We owe the favouring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us in every state
To make thy will our own,
And when our earthly joys depart,
To live by faith alone.

449

7-5 M.

1 WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in thy love to learn,
Love for evermore.

3 When the heart, by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Give us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

4 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Then with life our spirits crown,—
Life for evermore.

450

C.M.

1 I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles, I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

2 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel and surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

3 And if my heart and flesh are weak,
To bear an untried pain;
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

4 I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know we cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

5 And so, beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

451

C.M.

1 I LITTLE see and little know,
Yet fear no future ill:
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

2 No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But He my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

3 I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

4 He will not leave my soul forlorn,
For all his ways are true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.

5 And thus along my pilgrim way,
With happy heart I fare,
And feel Hope's music day by day
Lighten my load of care.

452

L.M.

1 WHAT is that goal of human hope,
That heaven, where every soul is blest?
'Tis light for those who darkly grope;
To weary ones, 'tis perfect rest;

2 To young and eager souls, a place
Where lofty deeds are grandly wrought;
To those who mourn some absent face,
'Tis where the lost ones may be sought.

3 It is a land where each at last
May find what most he longed for here;
Where seed upon earth's desert cast,
Shall bloom through heaven's eternal year.

4 How sweet the hope of joy like this,
Which some glad day our souls shall know;
Faith whispers of this home of bliss,
And gives a glimpse of heaven below.

453

L.M.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light:
It needs no morning sun to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

454 C.M.

1 NOW Heaven is gathering, one by one,
In its capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent,
And beautiful and blest.

2 The family is scattered yet,
Though of one home and heart;
Part militant in earthly gloom,
In heavenly glory part.

3 But who can tell the rapture, when
The number is complete,
And all the children sundered now
Around one Father meet!

4 One fount of joy, one boundless aim,
One everlasting home,—
Our Father's house, from whose dear rest
No wanderer e'er shall roam.

455

C. M. D.

1 IT singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore:
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

2 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But now, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

3 More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
And shall, for evermore.

456 L.M.

1 SAY, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their toil and woes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth;
They are not lost—but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where loved ones sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

4 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow tried no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost—but gone before.

5 To Sion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar,
To join the severed ties of love,
With friends not lost—but gone before.

6 On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Father, convey us safely home
To friends not lost—but gone before.

457

11-4 M.

1 WITH silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

2 Yet would we say, what every heart approveth
"Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,
Is mercy still."

3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not.

4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in his heaven.

458

C.M.

1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 O God! be Thou our constant guide:
Then, when thy word is given,
Shall death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

459

10, 6, 10, 4 M.

1 THOU God of love, beneath whose sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead,
To rest in hope: from this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled.

2 O when our hearts are burdened with the weight
Of life and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
For our life's close.

3 And when at length we tread the narrow vale
Which all must pass alone,
Grant, Lord, thy light and comfort may not fail
In worlds unknown.

460

C.M.

1 THE dead are like the stars, by day
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding, unperceived, their way
Through the unclouded sky.

2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
United with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

3 For death his sacred seal has set
On bright and bygone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
And more than ever ours:

4 Ours by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high,
By trust triumphant over death,
In immortality.

461

C.M.

1 THOU must go forth alone, my soul;
Thou must go forth alone,—
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.

2 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
Along the darksome way,
Where the bright sun has never shed
His warm and gladsome ray.

3 And yet the Sun of Righteousness
Shall rise amid the gloom,
And scatter from thy troubled gaze
The shadows of the tomb.

4 God's guiding hand shall comfort Thee
Along the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
In heaven's serene abode.

462 L.M.

1 MYSTERIOUS soul, thou wondrous power,
Not compassed by the passing hour,
But boundless, unconfined, and free,
This earth is not a home for thee;

2 From its abodes thou soarest far,
Beyond the light of sun or star,
Amid the boundless void of space,
Immensity's thy dwelling-place.

3 Mysterious soul, thy course sublime
Is fettered not by lapse of time;
Nor past nor future limits thee;
Thou livest in eternity.

4 Thou need'st no passport for the tomb,
No light to guide thee through its gloom,
For thou art light and life combined—
A ray of the Eternal Mind.

463

C.M.

1 YE fade, yet still how sweet, ye flowers,
Your scent outlives the bloom!
So, Father, may our mortal hours
Grow sweeter towards the tomb.

2 In withered leaves a healing cure
The simple people find;
So may our withered hopes endure
In virtues left behind.

3 O not to us be vainly given
The lesson ye bestow,
Of thoughts that lift our souls to heaven,
When life is dark below.

464

C.M.

1 SWEET Day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die.

2 Sweet Rose! in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die.

3 Sweet Spring! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas! must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly:
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
It lives, and cannot die.

465

8 M.

1 GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled the whole creation lies!
All souls are thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of sense set free,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

2 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair,
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care;
In life, in joy, in peace they be;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

3 O Breather into man of breath,
O God, who holds the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be,
For ever living unto Thee!

466

P.M.

1 OUR beloved have departed,
While we tarry, heavy-hearted,
In the dreary, empty house;
They have ended life's brief story,
They have reached the home of glory,
Over death victorious

2 On we pass, on high invited,
There with friends to be united
In a surer bond than here;
Meeting soon, and met for ever:
Glorious hope, forsake us never,
For thy glimmering light is dear!

3 See, the way is shining clearer,
As we journey ever nearer
To the everlasting home;
Dear ones! who await our landing,
Friends! who on the shore are standing,
We salute you, and we come.

467

7 M.

1 FATHER, when the loved depart,
And the tears of sorrow flow;
When the sad and wounded heart
Sinks with weariness and woe,—
Let us feel thine arm beneath,
As we weep above their dust;
Teach our murmuring lips to breathe,
"Lord, in Thee we put our trust."

2 When for us the shadow falls,
And all earthly glories fade;
When thy voice, O Father, calls,
"Trembling soul, be not afraid:"
May we pass the vale of death,
O thou Holy One and Just,
Whispering with our latest breath,
"Lord, in Thee we put our trust."

468

C.M.

1 WE cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with us no more,
Along the path of life we tread,
They have but gone before.

2 The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond our vision dim;
All souls are his and here or there,
Are living unto Him.

3 And still their silent ministry
Within our hearts have place,
As when on earth they walked with us
And met us face to face.

4 Ours are they by a fellowship
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath granted love to keep
Its own eternally.

469

8-7 M.

1 HERE is the sorrow, the sighing,
Here are the cloud and the night,
Here is the sickness, the dying,
There are the life and the light.

2 Here is the fading, the wasting,
The foe that so watchfully waits;
There are the hills everlasting,
The city with beautiful gates.

3 Here is the wearisome burden,
The glass with the vanishing sands;
There are the peace and the guerdon,
The house that is made not with hands.

4 Here is the longing, the vision,
The hopes that so swiftly remove,
There is the blessed fruition,
The depth and the fulness of love.

470

10 M.

1 RELENTLESS and unswerving, still the same,
Time reaches forward in its swift career,
And earth that nourishes our mortal frame
Reclaims its own,—relinquished oft with fear.

2 But why bewail the fate of our loved dead,
Why unresigned lament their soul's relief?
Their care is gone, their every sorrow fled;
'Tis but the living that can claim our grief.

3 Why mourn for those within the house of peace?
Their toil is past, their feet from fetters free,
The gates of death have opened to release
Their souls from earth to God's eternity.

4 On burdened wings our brief existence flies,
In flesh imprisoned is the child of light,
But to the source of being faith may rise,
And wait the day to which there is no night.

471 P.M.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine!

2 O Father! in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou!

3 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine!

472

S.M.D.

1 WE mourn for those who toil,
Who plough the stormy main,
Or him who hopeless tills the soil
Bound by the despot's chain:
For those who, in the race,
O'erwearied and unblest,
A host of restless phantoms chase;—
Why mourn for those who rest?

2 We mourn for those who sin,
Bound in the tempter's snare,
Whom syren pleasure beckons in
To prisons of despair;
Whose hearts, by passions torn,
Are wrecked on folly's shore;—
But why in sorrow should we mourn
For those who sin no more?

3 We mourn for those who weep;
Whom stern afflictions bend
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
Of kindred or of friend:
But they to whom the sway
Of pain and grief is o'er,
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,
O mourn for them no more!

473

S.M.

1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.

4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

5 'For ever with the Lord!'—
Father! if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

6 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Help, and I must prevail.

474 L.M.

1 HOW frail are all our mortal ties,
In vain heart fondly clings to heart:
Borne onward as the billows rise,
How swiftly we are swept apart.

2 We grow and flourish as the grass,
The tempest sweeps and we are gone;
We mutely wave farewell, and pass
To vanish in the grave alone.

3 And so our life is full of fears,
But upward to the Fount of Light,
Though fading eyes be dim with tears,
The soul may take triumphant flight.

475 L.M.

1 GOD giveth quietness at last!
The common way once more is passed,
From pleading tears and lingerings fond
To fuller life and love beyond.

2 What to closed eyes hath God revealed,
What hear the ears that death hath sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show,
Requites the loss of all we know?

3 What joys their home of peace embower,
Is ceaseless praise their blissful dower?
What radiant glory meets their eyes
Beneath the soft, celestial skies?

4 O silent land to which we move!
Enough, if there alone be love,
And human need can ne'er outgrow
What heaven is waiting to bestow.

476

L.M. 6

1 AS lengthening years their load increase
And draw us near the Gate of Peace,
While common toil and sacred task
Fall from our frail and faltering grasp:
Be life's calm evening soothed and blest
With tranquil joys of love and rest.

2 When weakened hands no more can wield
The sword on earth's broad battle-field,
And Memory leaves the twilight grey
To linger o'er Youth's sunny way:
Be vesper hour with peace suffused,
Before the silver cord be loosed.

3 As nearer lies our journey's end,
Where life and death in mystery blend,
Though faded be the western skies,
Hope's afterglow will softly rise
To light the lone and shadowy bourne,
Where fall the spirit's robes, outworn.

477

C.M.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

3 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their hopes and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fall forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

JESUS AND CHRISTIANITY.

THE ADVENT LEGENDS.

478 7-6 M.

1 WHAT gifts hath Jesus brought us?
What balm for each sad sore;
Or what deep wisdom taught us,
Undreamt in ancient lore?

2 Wondrous the story blending
The birth-songs o'er his bed,
With Calvary's death-cry, rending
The tombs of saints long dead.

3 But gone the fabled splendour
Of marvels from above;
And he, meek, pure, and tender,
Claims but his brethren's love.

4 Yet o'er the heroes thronging
The far-off towers of time,
Our eyes uplift their longing
To his calm face, sublime.

5 And he, our hearts unsealing,
Draws from their founts the flow
Of loving help and healing,
To soothe his brethren's woe.

479

8-7 M.

1 BORN at last, the world's great Prophet,
Bringeth in the better day;
Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,
Lo! the star that leads the way.

2 So runs on the ancient story
Of the shepherds in the night,
How they heard the choir of angels,
And beheld the wondrous light.

3 But the weary world still waiteth,
And the promise long delays;
Still the star of Bethlehem leadeth
Over dark and dreary ways.

4 Oft the star itself shines dimly,
From a sky that clouds obscure;
And the earth is dark with sorrow
And the crying of the poor.

5 But though long delayed, it cometh,
Soon will spread the dawning light;
Through the travail of the ages
Comes to birth the perfect right.

6 Never ended, always growing,
God unfolds his mighty plan;
And the far-off future waiteth—
"Peace on earth, good-will to man."

480 8-6 M.

1 LONG have the lamps in Bethlehem's shrine
Their radiance cast o'er kneeling throngs,
Where legend paints the Christ divine
As born 'mid angels' songs.

2 Long has her star, in fancy, stood
Resplendent in the advent skies;
While still her babes, baptised in blood,
Draw tears from gentle eyes.

3 And o'er her plains the glistening wings
Seem still to break the midnight shade,
Till Truth her sober daylight brings,
And bids the vision fade:—

4 A wondrous life before us stands,
We dream no more of heavenly birth,
A prophet's voice, not angel bands,
Proclaims the "Peace on earth."

5 Yet, by his star-like influence led,
We join the kingly souls and wise,
Who seek, from far, his lowly bed,
Bearing their gifts of price.

6 Our gold we bring for royal sway;
His priesthood claims our incense sweet;
To wait his martyr-death, we lay
The myrrh before his feet.

481

C.M.

1 TO-DAY be joy in every heart,
For lo, the angel throng
Once more above the listening earth
Repeats the advent song:

2 "Peace on the earth, goodwill to men!"
Before us goes the star
That leads us on to holier births,
And life diviner far.

3 Ye men of strife, forget to-day
Your harshness and your hate;
Too long ye stay the promised years
For which the nations wait.

4 And ye upon the tented field,
Sheathe now the bitter sword;
By love, and not by might, shall come
The kingdom of the Lord.

5 O star of human faith and hope,
Thy light shall lead us on,
Until it fades in morning's glow,
And heaven on earth is won.

482

C.M.

1 A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

2 And we are glad and we will sing,
As in the days of yore!
Come all, and hearts made ready, bring
To welcome back once more
The day, when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And dawning in a lowly birth,
Uprose the light of man.

3 For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
Christ shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of strife,
Of conflict and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win.

483

C.M.D.

1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending o'er the earth
To touch their harps of gold:—
"Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the parted skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

484

7-6 M.

1 O CHURCH of Christ, once founded
On love and mercy sweet,
Thou, like thy Lord, art wounded
In heart and hands and feet.

2 Not peace, but strife and sighing
Have tracked thy stormy path;
Truth's sons, in deserts crying,
Have felt thy fiercest wrath.

3 The world's sword thou didst borrow,
When these, thy noblest, died,
To thine own shame and sorrow,
Hath deeply pierced thy side.

4 No more thy power prevaileth
When foes thy realms alarm,
Thine ancient armour faileth,
And feeble is thine arm.

5 The golden lamp of Duty
In thy left hand burns low;
Nor on the hills, in beauty,
Thy feet God's errands go.

6 O Church, long bound, rise fearless,
For thee the free-born wait,
And in Truth's warfare, peerless,
Win thou thy throne, though late.

485

10 M.

1 CHRISTIANS awake; salute the happy morn
Whereon the holiest child of God was born,
Rise to adore the mystery of love
That links the earth below to heaven above;
Hark to the sweetest strain since earth began,
"For ever peace on earth, goodwill to man."

2 List to the wondrous tale, by shepherds told,
How sweet angelic voices sang, "Behold,
We bring good tidings of a prophet's birth,
To you and all the nations upon earth;
At length hath God vouchsaved the gracious sign,
To-day is born the prince of David's line."

3 O may we ponder well this legend old,—
What heavenly truth that lowly babe hath told:
Trace we his steps, through labour, pain and loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross,
See how he led the wanderers to the fold,
With care unceasing, and with love untold.

4 What though the sounds of sin and strife be heard
On earth awhile above his gentle word!
Though years may pass ere War's last flag be furled,
His law of Peace will triumph o'er the world:
Soon shall the shadows lift and flee away,
And through the gloom shall break the perfect day.

THE MINISTRY AND INFLUENCE OF JESUS.

486 8-6 M.

1 O THOU, who swayed the hearts of all,
And bound thine own by love to Thee,
Still o'er the ages sounds thy call,
"Arise and follow me."

2 Now, as of old, like healing balm,
To those whose grief is nobly borne,
Thy promise comes with strength and calm,
"Blessed are they that mourn."

3 As oft by powers of evil pressed,
We sink disarmed and wounded sore,
We hear by thee heaven's high behest,
"Go thou and sin no more."

4 While 'mid the shades of doubt and fear,
We long for light but cannot see,
Thy guiding word falls strong and clear,
"The Truth shall make you free."

5 And when, within our weary breast,
Life's wintry tempests work their will,
The winds and waters sink to rest,
Before thy "Peace be still."

487

S.M.

1 A VOICE by Jordan's shore!
A summons stern and clear;—
Reform! be just, and sin no more,
God's judgment draweth near!

2 A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice, I hear;—
Love God! thy neighbour love! for see,
God's mercy draweth near!

3 O voice of Duty! still
Speak forth; I hear with awe;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

4 Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through duty let me upward move,
To thy pure liberty.

488

C.M.

1 THOU loving friend to all who bowed
Beneath life's weary load,
From lips baptized in humble prayer
Thy consolations flowed.

2 Thou faithful witness to the truth,
Thy just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
The fetters of the world.

3 No hollow rite, no lifeless creed
Thy piercing glance could bear,
But longing hearts that sought thee, found
The peace of heaven was there.

4 Still unto God thou bring'st us near,
No priest nor veil between,
And dost uplift our downcast eyes
To realms of faith unseen.

489

C.M.

1 O LOVE! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one,
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

2 So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the Fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

3 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

4 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

490

7-6 M.

1 "LIGHT of the World!" we hail thee,
Flushing the eastern skies;
Never shall darkness veil thee
Again from human eyes:
Too long, alas! withholden,
Now spread from shore to shore;
Thy light, so glad and golden,
Shall set on earth no more.

2 "Light of the World!" thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part:
Thou robest in thy splendour
The simple ways of men,
And helpest them to render
Light back to thee again.

3 "Light of the World!" illumine
Each darkened land of thine,
Till everything that's human
Be touched with life divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
We long and pray to see.

491 S.M.

1 PROPHET of God, whose voice
Once raised by Canaan's sea,
Now inly heard, our hearts have stirred,—
We fain would follow thee.

2 But blindly oft we cry
That we thy face could see,
Thy face benign, as pledge and sign
That we might follow thee.

3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er waves of change,
How can we follow Thee?

4 Comes faint and far thy call,
From vales of Galilee;
The vision fades in ancient shades;
How may we follow thee?

5 Come as thou didst of old,
In true humanity,—
As welcome guest within each breast
That burns to follow thee.

6 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be;
As once of yore, thyself restore,
And help to follow thee.

492

10 M.

1 O THOU great friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe:

2 We look to thee! thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes! Thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of Heaven:
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

493

L.M.

1 O FAIREST born of love and light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe,
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear.

2 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth;
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth.

3 In holy words that cannot die,
In thoughts which angels paused to know,
Christ spake thy mercy, O Most High,
Thy pity to each grievous woe.

4 That voice's echo has not died
From the blue lake of Galilee:
From Tabor's lonely mountain side
It calls a struggling world to thee.

494 C.M.

1 COME unto me, all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fears opprest;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
A meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.

3 For light and gentle is my yoke;
The burthen I impose
Shall ease the heart which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes.

495

7-5 M.

1 WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to him were dear,
Though his soul was sad;
Worn and lonely for man's sake,
Yet he turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

2 Meek and lowly were his ways,
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

3 When he walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
For within his heart of love,
All the soul of man did move,
God had his abode.

4 May we feel his deep desire
All the sinful to inspire,
With the Father's life;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From its fret and strife.

496

C.M.

1 THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do,—
In faith and trust to follow him
Whose lot was lowly too.

2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

3 Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds, may be
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

497

L.M.

1 O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free:
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live.

498

C.M.

1 LORD, lead the way that Jesus went
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our strength, like his, be spent
In lifting up the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress
Who bore affliction's weight,
We, in their gloom and loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill;
And that his followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

499

7 M.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose weary, sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt in strong remorse who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care;
A wounded spirit who can bear!

5 Wanderer, come; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace, that ever shall endure;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

500

L.M.

1 THERE'S not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in the thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

2 His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
I see him when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

3 I see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him I tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with my God to seek.

4 I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid;
I hear him in the frequent sigh
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

5 I meet him at the lowly tomb;
I weep where Jesus wept before;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
I hear his voice, and weep no more.

501

C.M.

1 IMMORTAL by their deed and word,
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sacred dead.

2 The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air:
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

3 And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

4 Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all God's will obey.

502

L.M.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

2 Of heavenly truth he sweetly spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!'
Yes! sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

503

P.M.

1 JESUS, needs the world no longer
To rejoice beneath thy light,
Have we leaders, truer, stronger,
Beams for us a star more bright?
Are we weary
Of thy gentleness and might?

2 Faithful One, so high above us,
What exalted earthly name
Still with influence sweet can move us,
Like thine own, of deathless fame?
Stir our spirits
With thy love's diviner flame.

3 Ever as the ages lengthen
All the noblest turn to thee,
And their failing courage strengthen
By the bond of sympathy:
First-born Brother,
May thy power unfading be.

504

L.M.

1 PLEDGE of our glorious home afar,
The holy cross with joy we take;
Sign of a peace life could not mar,
And of a faith death could not shake.

2 It tells how truth, once crucified,
Now throned in majesty doth reign;
How love is blest and glorified,
That once on earth was mocked and slain.

3 Up, brethren of the Cross, and haste
Onward, as Jesus went before;
We praise him best when we, too, taste
The shame and cross that once he bore.

505 C.M.

1 DEAR Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine.

2 Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine.

3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow more divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow like wine.

4 For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine or thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.

506

10-6 M.

1 COME unto me, ye who are tired and sad,
Who in a stranger land have need of rest,
Come unto me and I will make you glad,
Ye weary ones, be blest.

2 Come, ye who sink in ways of sin and shame,
Whose faults the world refuses to forgive,
Come, and from God receive the new, white name;
His mercy bids you live.

3 Come, ye who see not through the gloom of night,
The stars that out of Heaven's own windows shine;
Come unto me, and I will show you light
That maketh life divine.

4 Thus Christ's great heart poured forth its deep desire
To fold the struggling world in close embrace,
And they whose burdened hearts in vain aspire,
Still seek his gracious face.

THE LAST SUPPER, GETHSEMANE, AND CALVARY.

507 L.M.

1 O SUFFERING Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear.

2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, and ruthless foes,
The thorny crown, the anguish keen
Of scourge and cross, before thee rose.

3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed
As this dark vision o'er it came;
And though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn shuddering from the death of shame?

4 Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise through death to endless day!

508

C.M.

1 "REMEMBER me," the Master said,
On that forsaken night,
When from his side the nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.

2 Through all the following ages' track,
The world remembers yet;
With love and longing gazes back,
And never can forget.

3 But none of us have seen his face,
Or heard the words he said;
And none can now his looks retrace
In breaking of the bread.

4 O blest are they who have not seen,
And yet believe him still,
Who trustfully upon him lean,
And meekly do his will.

5 We hear his word along our way,
We see his light above;
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

509

C.M.

1 BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessèd word of love.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

510 C.M.

1 O HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease!
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

2 Not here, where met to think on him,
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been:
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 'Thy kingdom come:' we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

511

C.M.

1 TOO lofty is our Leader's soul
For earth-bound hearts to know;
We touch his hand as guide and goal,
And toward his stature grow.

2 But friends conjoined in Jesus' name,
By high example led,
The homage of the heart may claim
For their illustrious Head.

3 And should they in a prison meet,
Their place shall noble be;
And if a palace be their seat,
They meet in modesty.

4 Blest be the faith that thus transcends
Our common measure small,
That grandeur to the lowliest lends,
Humility to all.

512

L.M.

1 DARK were the paths that Jesus trod,
Yet faltered not his trust in God;
Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,
Yet he but felt for man the more.

2 Unto the cross in faith he went,
Where dearest life was freely spent;
Upon the cross his prayer arose
In pity for his ruthless foes.

3 O may we all his kindred be,
By holy love and sympathy;
Still aiding man through every ill,
And resting in our Father's will.

513

8-6 M.

1 SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time,
And his appointed way.

2 When harassed sore with passion's cry,
Or overcome with sorrow's sleep,
We find it hard within our hearts
The watch of life to keep.

3 O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Regardless of thy pain,

4 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
That we be faithful through the watch
Our souls must keep with thee.

514

L.M.

1 A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
'O Father! take this cup away!'

2 Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And Earth, for all her children, saith,
'O God! take not this cup away!'

3 O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

4 Great Chief of faithful souls! arise:
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave, how peril flies,
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

5 O King of earth! the cross ascend:
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne:
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

515

7 M.

1 WHEN my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,—
Garden of Gethsemane.

2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless One,
Weeping, praying there alone.

3 When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe.

4 There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith:
Love triumphant still in death.

5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

516

8-6 M.

1 THOU kingly form, upraised on high,
Triumphant, not as prophets dreamed,
But breathing low thy latest sigh
O'er Israel unredeemed.

2 Thy wounded hand no sceptre bears,
Thy throne is but the cross of shame,
Thy diamond circlet but the tears
Shed o'er Jerusalem.

3 Yet Victor thou, through pain and loss,
And dearer far, uplifted thus!
Among the faithful round thy cross,
Hast thou a place for us?

4 Blindly they cry, to mock thy doom,
"King of the Jews, descend and reign,"
But conquering Faith will burst thy tomb
And crown thee King of men!

5 Then Calvary's blood-besprinkled dust
Shall bear the fruit of sacrifice,
Till 'neath thy sway the sword shall rust,
And Love's fair kingdom rise.

517

8-7 M.

1 IT is finished! Man of Sorrows!
From thy cross our nature borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

2 While exalted there we view thee,
Mighty sufferer! Draw us to thee,—
Sufferer, yet victorious.

3 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred emblem be!

4 Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee.

5 Still to thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrows deep for us hath sounded,
Perfected by conflict sore!

6 Glory to thy cross for ever!
Star that points our high endeavour
Whither thou hast gone before.

518

7 M.

1 "IT is finished"—all the pain,
All the sorrow, all the strain;
Death has freed that loving life
From the burden and the strife.

2 "It is finished"—all the days
Led through many weary ways;
Now at last his eyelids close
On the hatred of his foes.

3 "It is finished"—all the toil
Sin and trial could not spoil;
Never could his spirit fleet
Till the work was all complete.

4 "It is finished"—all he gave,
But himself he would not save;
Now, at length, that parting cry
Seals his love's great victory.

519

L.M.

1 WHEREVER through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died.

2 We see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the master's head;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, "Love is one."

3 Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

4 And the great marvel of their death
To one high order witnesseth,—
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of thine unmeasured, loving heart.

520

8-7 M.

1 FOES were wrought to cruel madness;
Friends had fled in fear and sadness;
Mary stood the Cross beside:
Where the fatal tree was planted,
Stood the mother, firm, undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died.

2 Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified:
But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story—
Mary stood the Cross beside.

3 And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified;
But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the Cross beside.

521

L.M.

1 HOW can we glory in the Cross,
And feel the secret of its power,
Until in some sad, bitter hour,
We know defeat, and pain and loss?

2 The rays that stream from Calvary
Were else too dazzling for our sight:
We might behold that wondrous light,
Yet vain would all its radiance be.

3 O sacred brotherhood of pain!
Your suffering binds in common ties:
The will resigned, the sacrifice,
Unite us by the strongest chain.

4 Alas! for human strength and pride,
Each soul must have its Calvary,
And faith, adoring, bends the knee
When hope and joy are crucified.

522

8-7 M.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

523

7 M.

1 STAINLESS soldier on the walls!
Knowing this, he knows no more,—
Whoso fights, and whoso falls,
Justice conquers evermore.

2 He who battles on her side,
E'en though he were ten times slain,
God shall crown him glorified,
Victor over death and pain.

3 And for ever! but his foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Sees aloft the red right Arm
Redress the eternal scales.

524

7 M.

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.

2 He our throbbing flesh hath worn,
He our mortal griefs hath borne,
He hath shed the human tear;
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.

4 He hath bowed the dying head;
He the blood of life hath shed:
He hath filled a mortal bier:
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear;
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.

6 He the spirit's strife hath known,
He the spirit's victory won;
He hath now no grief to bear;
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.

THE SPREAD OF THE CHRIST-SPIRIT.

525 10-6 M.

1 THOU who in life below
Didst drain the cup of woe,
And glorify the cross of agony,—
Thy days of labour done,
Thy crown of triumph won,
Hast passed within the veil to peace on high.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Which thou, unchanging Friend, didst freely tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 Amid our earthly life,
Swept oft by storm and strife,
When we, like thee, by pain and grief are bowed,
May we behold above
The Father's constant love,
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

526

7 M.

1 HE is gone! a cloud of light
Has received him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone! toward their goal
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast;
Still his words before us range,
Through the ages as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
God will give whate'er we need.

527

C.M.

1 JESUS has lived, and we would bring,
The world's glad thanks to-day,
And at his feet, while anthems ring,
A grateful offering lay.

2 Jesus has died; but his pure life,
So perfect and sublime,
Remains to conquer sin and strife,
In every age and clime.

3 Jesus yet lives: above, below,
Triumphant over death;
And in his name we face each foe,
And win the fight of faith.

4 Jesus will live, and oh! may we,
While in this valley dim,
So feel our glorious destiny
That we may live like him.

528

9-8 M.

1 WHEN gladly the carols of Easter
Tell that Jesus is risen again,
May we learn the legend's deep secret,
How he lives in the life of men.

2 Wherever the mantle of pity
Falls soft on a wound or a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon
By gentleness conquers a foe.

3 Wherever a soft hand of blessing
Outreaches to aid us in need,
Wherever springs healing for wounding,
The Master is risen indeed.

4 Wherever in sight of God's armies
The forces of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom,
The Master is risen indeed.

5 So fling out your banners, brave toilers;
Bring lilies to altar and shrine;
Ring out Easter bells, he has risen,
And this is the token and sign,—

6 That the world moves onward and sunward,
And God calls the brave, who must lead;
Behind are the tomb and the darkness;
The Master is risen indeed.

529

C.M.

1 HE cometh not a king to reign,
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven, for him.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 O Friend and Brother of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
Thy words like heavenly music fall,
And draw our lives to thine.

530

S.M.

1 HOW long, thou Son of Man,
Wilt thou remain unknown?
How long wilt thou a stranger seem,
Unwelcomed by thine own.

2 Thy brethren know thee not,
But look to heaven for thee:
While thou on earth dost make thy home
In some poor Bethany.

3 They call thee Judge of all,
And pray that thou would'st come,
To seal the doom of banished souls,
And lead thy chosen home.

4 But through the azure sky
No flash of glory breaks;
No trumpet's sound nor angel's voice
The saints of God awakes.

5 Vain hope! For thou art here,
To guide the blind who stray,
Like sheep without a shepherd's care,
And miss the narrow way.

6 Great Prophet, as of old,
Let virtue flow from thee,
That heavy-laden souls may rise
To light and liberty.

531

10 M.

1 'DESCEND to thy Jerusalem, O Lord!'
Her faithful children cry with one accord;
Come, ride in triumph on! behold we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way!

2 Thy road is ready, Lord!—thy paths, made straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet:
And hark! Hosannas loud thy footsteps greet!

3 Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord! here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Sion, and as full of sin:
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?

4 Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.

5 And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet!

532

S.M.

1 LORD Jesus! come; for here
Our path through wilds is laid;
We watch as for the day-spring near
Amid the breaking shade.

2 Lord Jesus! come; for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain:
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

3 Lord Jesus! come; for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth;
The famished crave in vain their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.

4 Hark! herald-voices near
Lead on thy happier day:
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear;
We wait to strew thy way.

5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power:
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

533

14 M.

1 BEHOLD the Bridegroom cometh in the darkness of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright,
But woe to that dull servant, whom his Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed and flickering, and with slumber in his eyes.

2 So runs the ancient parable, of souls whose heavenly dower
Is cast away for listless ease, or pleasures of an hour;
Who, when the sword sweeps o'er the land, in selfish slumber lie;
Or when the Bridegroom comes, must stand, and knock, and vainly cry.

3 Then rise, my soul, and trim thy lamp, take oil to feed it well,
Bear it through ways forlorn and dark, where sin and misery dwell,
The Bridegroom cometh evermore, to spread Love's ample feast,
And gives the Wedding Garment to the greatest and the least.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

534

C.M.

1 ONE holy Church of God appears,
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

2 From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence, or with psalm.

3 Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart, her baptized ones,
Love her communion-cup.

4 The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift,
Do make her pilgrimage.

5 O living Church! thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed:
Redeem the evil time!

535 C.M.

1 CITY of God! how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working-hand, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent.

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth.

4 How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock
The Eternal City stands.

536 10 M.

1 ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by thee.

2 We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with him, our brother and our friend.

3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair;
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

4 Oh clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine,
Our inspiration be thy constant word:
We ask no victories that are not thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,—
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

537

L.M.

1 LOOK up, O man! behold the same
Celestial throngs of old who came,
For thee descends the spirit-host;
Thine all the tongues of Pentecost.

2 This common earth, by mortals trod,
Is hallowed by the present God;
And his great heaven is all unfurled
In light and beauty o'er the world.

3 While others see the chance and change,
Thy soul the heavenly spheres may range,
And there discern, with finer sense,
The heart of God's great providence.

4 No creed shall bind thy freeborn might,
No shadow veil the heavenly height;
But Nature lay her tribute sweet
Of truth and beauty at thy feet.

538

7 M.

1 HOLY Ghost, the Comforter,
In the church below appear,
Shed thy gracious radiance here.

2 Come to them that suffer dearth,
With thy gifts of priceless worth
Lighten all who dwell on earth.

3 Thou the heart's most precious guest,
Thou of comforters the best,
Give to us, the o'erladen, rest.

4 Blessed Sun of Grace, o'er all
Faithful hearts that on Thee call,
Let thy joy and solace fall.

5 Cleanse us, Thou, from sinful stain,
On the drooping spirit rain,
Heal the wounded from its pain.

6 May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with Thee in bliss.

539

10 M.

1 RESTORE, O Father, to our times restore
The peace which filled thine infant church of yore;
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife;
And quenched the new-born charities of life.

2 O never more may differing judgments part
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart;
But linked in one believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.

3 From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,
Let concord spread one universal day;
And faith by love lead all mankind to thee,
Parent of peace, and fount of harmony!

540

L.M.

1 LET exiled Reason be restored,
And banished Light shine on our way;
Let Nature's empire be explored,
And Truth her open page display.

2 Let Knowledge free the captive mind,
And all her golden banners wave;
Let Freedom smile on all mankind,—
The tyrant humble, raise the slave.

3 Prophetic voices now resound;
And far and wide they strike the ear,
While glowing tongues, no longer bound,
Proclaim the age of gladness near.

4 Soon will the song of peace be heard
For sounds of tumult, hate, and strife;
And truth of olden creed or word
Be gently changed for Truth of life.

541

L.M.

1 BLEST be the light that shows the way,
And blest the way the light has shown;
We welcome now the brighter day,
And every faithless fear disown.

2 A tyrant God, the soul's despair,
No more beclouds our earthly lives;
The heavens are wide, and room is there
For every soul that upward strives.

3 In love to God and love to man
Our loftiest aims find ample scope;
Secure in God's unerring plan,
We walk by faith, are saved by hope.

4 Then vanish, spectres of the night,
That once enthralled the darkened soul;
Our watchword be the inward light,
The onward march, the endless goal.

542

L.M.

1 OUT of the dark, the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night.

2 And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires;
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will;
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—
These stars have been above us still.

3 Look backward, how much has been won;
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done,
The watches of the day begin.

4 O Thou whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes unfolds;
O keep us steadfast, patient, true.

543

6 M. 6

1 O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem.

2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the soul forlorn
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness bow down;
Where self itself forgets,
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Their souls in perfect peace;

4 Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
When in his steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe:
Where love is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

5 Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled on high,
But where the faithful toil
For God beneath the sky:
There, in the midst of them,
Is God's Jerusalem.

544

L.M.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race.

2 Be darkness at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path:
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

3 O spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
Thy name, O Father, glorify,
Till every kindred call Thee Lord.

545

S.M.

1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine,
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

5 Come, kingdom of our God!
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

546 7 M.

1 FATHER! let thy kingdom come,—
Let it come in love and power;
Speak at length the final word,—
Usher in the triumph hour.

2 As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When thy martyrs died for Thee,
Let it come, O God! again.

3 Tyrant-thrones and idol-shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled!
Enter on thy better reign,—
Wear the crown of this poor world!

4 O, what long, sad years have gone,
Since thy church was taught this prayer!
O, what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere!

5 Break! O break, then, day of God!
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;—
Eager souls and holy songs
Wait to hail thy dawning here.

6 Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,—
May they all for God be won!
And, in every human heart,
Father! let thy kingdom come.

547

7-6 M.

1 THE light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.

2 So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits
As the waters fill the sea.

3 The soul can shed a glory
On every work well done,
As even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.

4 Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
The Truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light;

5 Till earth become God's temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

548 7 M.

1 ALL before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day;
Night and darkness are behind.

2 Eden, with its angels bold,
Love and flowers, and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

3 In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,—
The real Eden we shall find.

4 When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs Paradise around.

5 From this spirit-land, afar,
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

549

C.M.

1 THE Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err:
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.

3 Rise, Lord! judge Thou the earth in might;
This longing earth redress;
For Thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

4 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

5 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

550 7 M.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,—
What its signs of promise are:
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! doth its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends:
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn:
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Traveller! lo! the better day
Of the reign of God is come!

551

L.M.

1 THE Past is dark with sin and shame,
The Future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father! yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is ever near.

2 For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps, to come to Thee,
And in each purpose, high and strong,
The guiding of thy hand could see.

3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But Thou wast kinder than he dreamed;
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

4 But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now;
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father! Preserver! answer Thou.

5 'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt thy certain love,
And man's true aim shall yet be won.

552 C.M.

1 WE wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate
By his Almighty power.

2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs;
Till He shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.

3 And even now, amid the grey,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine.

5 O guide us till our night be done!
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

553

C.M.

1 GONE is the hollow, murky night,
With all its shadows dun;
Oh, shine upon us, heavenly Light,
As on the earth the sun.

2 Pour on our hearts thy heavenly beam,
In radiance sublime!
Retire before that ray supreme,
Ye sins of elder time!

3 Lo, on the morn that now is here
No night shall ever fall;
But faith shall burn undimmed and clear,
Till God be all in all.

4 This is the dawn of infant faith;
The day will follow soon
When hope shall breathe with fuller breath,
And morn be lost in noon.

5 For to the seed that's sown to-day
A harvest time is given,
When charity, with faith to stay,
Shall make on earth a heaven.

554

L.M.

1 O SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right,
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

2 While all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,—
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3 Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

4 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing then bestowed,
Breaks clearer now through every cloud.

555

11-10 M.

1 PEACE, peace on earth! the heart of man for ever
Through all these weary strifes foretells the day;
Blessed be God, the hope forsakes him never,
That war shall end, and swords be sheathed for aye.

2 Peace, peace on earth! for men shall love each other,
Hosts shall go forth to bless, and not destroy;
For man shall see in every man a brother,
And peace fulfil the angels' song of joy.

556

7 M.

1 LIFE of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophets' word,
And the people's liberty!

2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.

3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Shaping noblest thought and deed,
Still inspiring truth and good.

4 Consecrating heart and song,
Holy book and pilgrim way,
Quelling strife and tyrant wrong,
Widening freedom's sacred sway.

5 Life of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophets' word,
And the people's liberty!

557

7 M.

1 LORD, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the church below!
Steadfast may we cleave to thee;
Love the mystic union be.
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine:
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

2 Move, and actuate and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil:—
Never from our office move;—
Needful to each other prove;—
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God!

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in thee:
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void!
Names and sects and parties fall:
Thou, O God, art all in all!

558

10 M.

1 NOW comes the light for which our souls have sought,
Over the cloudy pathways of our life;
Now comes the peace for which we long have wrought,
Crowning with triumph all our ceaseless strife.

2 Now comes the love which makes all souls but one,
Calmly emerging from the troubled years;
Now comes the truth which long the world did shun,
Lifting it high above its craven fears.

3 Oh light and peace! oh love and truth supreme!
Ye come at last, and vanquish our despair;
Ye bring fulfilment of the golden dream
Of greater joy that all on earth may share.

559

L.M.

1 THESE things shall be! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
O'er earth and fire, and sea and air.

3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free,
And through the world's great heart shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

4 Great minds shall rise, with ampler powers,
A loftier wisdom to impart;
And arts shall bloom of nobler mould,
And mightier music thrill the heart.

5 Then want and woe, and sin and shame
No more shall triumph 'neath the skies,
But every life shall lift its song,
And earth be more like paradise.

560

L.M.

1 THE waves unbuild the wasting shore,
Where mountains towered, the billows sweep;
Yet still their borrowed spoils restore,
And raise new empires from the deep.

2 So while the floods of thought lay waste
The old domain of chartered creeds,
Its heaven-appointed tides will haste
To shape new homes for human needs.

3 Be ours to mark with hearts unchilled
The change an outworn age deplores;
The legend sinks, but faith shall build
A fairer throne on new-found shores.

561

L.M.

1 O LIFE that makest all things new,
The verdant earth, the thoughts of men,
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

2 From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one:—

3 One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;

4 The freeer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,
The Life that maketh all things new.

562

8, 7, 4 M.

1 HARK, a solemn voice is sounding
From the temples of the past,
From the fanes by men deserted,
From the shadows dim and vast,
"Time is flying,
Every creed grows old at last."

2 Hark, a troubled voice is crying
From the temples of to-day,
Clouding all their ancient glory,
Startling all who come to pray,—
"Time is flying,
Grandeur yieldeth to decay."

3 Hark, a joyous voice is calling
From the dawn that spreads before,
Rich with hope for all who wander
Homeless, from the faiths of yore,—
"Time is flying,
See, the light shines more and more."

563 C.M.

1 LIKE stars upon a troubled sea,
Shine out the altars fair,
Where longings of the centuries
Have voiced themselves in prayer.

2 We seek the good those altars held,
Yet read their message clear,
To loyally receive the light
Thou sendest now and here.

3 Touch us with power that we may serve
Thy kingdom yet to be,
When truth, and righteousness, and love
Shall lead all souls to Thee.

564 8-6 M.

1 LORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to life are brought,
In whom no change is known!
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part;
Still, still Thou art our own.

2 Ancient of days, we dwell in Thee;
Out of thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee who changest not.

3 Spirit who makest all things new!
Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime;
In thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

4 Darkness and dread we leave behind,
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess;
New births of good, new gladness bring,
Triumphant our new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

565

7-6 M.

1 THE God that to the fathers
Revealed his holy will,
Has not the world forsaken;
He's with the children still.
Then envy not the twilight
That glimmered on their way;
Look up and see the dawning
That broadens into day.

2 'Twas but far off in vision,
The fathers' eyes could see
The glory of the kingdom,—
The better time to be.
To-day we see fulfilling
The dreams they dreamt of old;
While nearer, ever nearer,
Rolls on the age of gold.

3 Where once were walled divisions
Built up of form and creed,
Now blossom fragrant flowers
Of loving thought and deed;
With trust in God's free spirit,—
The ever-broadening ray
Of truth that shines to guide us
Along our forward way.

566

C.M.

1 O WATCHMAN on the walls above,
What tidings of the day:
When will the royal law of love
Around the earth have sway?

2 And when will Tyranny be gone,
And Power and Mercy meet,
And Justice sit upon the throne,
And on the judgment-seat?

3 Or when will priest and people find
God's truest service lies
In simple service of mankind,
And sweet self-sacrifice?

4 The years are evil looking back,
The coming days are dim,
God's ancient promise seemeth slack,
But still we trust in Him.

5 'What of the night,' again we cry,
Heart-sick with hope deferred,
'The signs of dawn are in the sky,'
Is now the answering word.

6 We murmured through the weary night
Because the watch was long;
But raise, as daybreak greets our sight,
A glad contented song.

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

567 C.M.

1 THOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find ;

2 How late thy bright and awful brow,
Breaks through these clouds of sin :
Hail, Truth divine, we know thee now ;
Angel of God, come in.

3 Come, though with purifying fire,
And swift dividing sword,
Thou of all nations the desire,
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

4 Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die ;
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

5 Flood our dark life with golden day,
Convince, subdue, enthrall ;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

568

C.M.D.

1 WE limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined;
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

2 Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given?
The universe, how much unknown!
The ocean unexplored!
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

3 Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall; our glorious Sun
More fervid rays afford;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

569 C.M.

1 SPIRIT of Truth! our fathers reared
Thy temple, stone by stone,
Till o'er its holiest shrine appeared,—
"Glory to God alone."

2 And through each lingering age, while death
Dispersed the faithful band;
They nobly passed, with parting breath,
Thy torch from hand to hand.

3 But now, around the temple walls,
Thy girded servants throng,
On watching eyes the daybreak falls,
No plaint is heard, "How long?"

4 For see, the broadening light fulfils
Our waiting hearts' desire,
It pales our watch-fires on the hills,—
We tune the silent lyre.

5 Spirit divine, the slumbrous world,
With heavy eyes unsealed,
Will wake to find thy flag unfurled,
Thy host command the field.

6 Thy watchwords pass from soul to soul,
Thy conquests none can stay;
Earth's noblest seek the shining goal
Of thy triumphant sway.

570

C.M.

1 UPLIFT the praise of Truth's fair name,
Bear it o'er land and sea;
Her glory shines o'er earthly fame,—
For Truth makes all men free.

2 Before her power serene and bright,
Nations shall bend the knee,
And captives spring to meet the light,
From Error's bonds made free.

3 Though Superstition weld its chain,
And urge its ancient plea,
And Falsehood fight for power or gain,
Yet Truth shall make men free.

4 Then raise anew the joyful song,
Of better days to be,
When right at last shall conquer wrong,
And Truth make all men free.

571

7 M.

1 GOD of Truth! thy sons should be
Firmly grounded upon Thee;
Ever on the rock abide,
High above the changing tide.

2 Theirs is the unwavering mind;
No more tossed with every wind;
No more doth their steadfast heart
From the living God depart.

3 Father, strengthen Thou my will,
With thy gracious purpose fill;
Rooted, grounded may I be,
Fixed in thy stability.

4 Henceforth may I firmly stand;
Build no longer on the sand;
But defy temptation's shock,
Deeply founded on the rock.

572

C.M.

1 SPIRIT of Truth, be thou my guide!
O, clasp my hand in thine,
And let me never quit thy side:
Thy comforts are divine.

2 Pride scorns thee for thy lowly mien;
But who like thee can rise
Above this toilsome, sordid scene,
Beyond the holy skies?

3 Weak is thine eye, and soft thy voice;
But wondrous is thy might,
To make the wretched soul rejoice,
To give the simple light.

4 And still to all that seek thy way
This magic power is given;
E'en while their footsteps press the clay,
Their souls ascend to heaven.

573

8-7 M. 6

1 BUILD we on this sure foundation,
Build on Truth and Truth alone,
Firmest rock of our salvation,
Sure, though worlds be overthrown:
Build a shrine where every nation,
Seeking Truth, may find its own.

2 See, the sons of Truth arriving;
One by one they climb the hill;
All their days of rest depriving,
Doubt defying, scorning ill:
Thee, the end of all their striving,
Seeking with unconquered will.

3 Truth! thy rock shall stand for ever,
Thitherward the nations come;
Storms of change and error's river
Round its base may rage and foam;
Yet shall change and error never
Shake thy sure eternal home.

574

L.M.

1 OUR little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

2 We have but faith: we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

3 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

575 L.M.

1 ALL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know,
The springs whence wrong opinions flow,
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy commands alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.

3 If wrong, forgive; approve, if right:
While faithful we obey our light,
And censuring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn thy will.

4 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in thy mould;
And charity our lineage prove,
Derived from Thee, O God of love?

576

7-6 M.

1 O STAR of Truth, down shining,
Through clouds of doubt and fear,
I ask but 'neath your guidance
My pathway may appear.
I know thy blessed radiance
Can never lead astray,
However ancient custom
May point some other way.

2 The bleeding feet of martyrs
Thy toilsome path have trod;
But fires in blindness kindled
May light the way to God.
Then though my steps should falter,
While I thy beams can see,
Still to my high allegiance
I shall not faithless be.

577

S.M.

1 SEND down thy truth, O God,
Too long the shadows frown,
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down.

2 Send down thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for the free-born be:
Thy Spirit, O send down.

3 Send more abundant life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife:
Thy life and love send down.

4 Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down.

578 L.M.

1 FOR all thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord,
With lifted song and bended knee;
But now our fervent thanks are poured
For those who taught us to be free.

2 For when the soul lay bound below
A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
And few thy word of truth would know,
O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds.

3 Thy strength, O Lord, in that dark night
By child-like hearts thou didst ordain;
And thy free truth went forth with might,
Not empty to return again.

4 Praise for each prophecy and sign
That soon its rays will shine on all,
Till men shall own no Truth but thine,
And heed no other creed or call.

579

8-7 M. D.

1 ONCE to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offers each the bloom or blight,—
And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

2 Then to side with Truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

3 Though the cause of Evil prosper,
Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be Wrong,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

580

7 M. D.

1 MEN whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works another's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed;
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

2 Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with selfish hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No, true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.

3 They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the Truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

581

L.M.

1 O FREEDOM, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

2 Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness.

3 It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves,

4 Yet ours the grateful service, whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense,
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noon-day shade.

582

L.M.

1 THY temples, Lord, are Freedom's shrines,
Lit up by Truth's eternal ray;
The slavish bonds that Error twines,
In thy pure presence break away.

2 Prisoned in passion, chained in pride,
The sons of earth long ages lay,
Till Truth and Freedom, long defied,
Shed brightness on this later day.

3 Then be our altars,—crowned with peace,
Of reverent thought the heavenly school,
Where bitterness and strife shall cease,
And quest of truth and concord rule.

4 And as we learn thy high commands,
Dispel the lurking shade of fear,
That we with strong unfettered hands
May aid thy holy warfare here.

583 C.M.

1 O PURE Reformers, not in vain,
Your trust in human-kind;
The good that bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

2 The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

3 The weapons that your hands have found
Are those which Heaven hath wrought,—
Light, Truth, and Love: your battle-ground
The free, broad field of thought.

4 Press on, in faith's strong panoply,
Unmoved by hope deferred,
Till sin, abashed, before you flee,
And strife no more be heard.

584

11-10 M.

1 O EARTH, thy past is crowned and consecrated
With its Reformers, speaking yet, though dead,
Who unto strife and toil and tears were fated,
Who unto fiery martyrdoms were led.

2 O Earth, the present too is crowned with splendour
By its Reformers, battling in the strife,
Friends of humanity, stern, strong, and tender,
Making the world more hopeful with their life.

3 O Earth, thy future shall be great and glorious,
With its Reformers toiling in the van,
Till Truth and Love shall reign o'er all victorious,
And earth be given to freedom and to man.

MEMORIAL HYMNS.

585

6-4 M.

1 GONE are those great and good
Who here in peril stood,
And raised their hymn:
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.

2 Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust;
The truth that made them free,
Their scorn of falsehood's plea,
Their stainless purity,
Their sacred dust.

3 Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills!
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
Oh let thy light repose
On our free hills.

586

C.M.

1 AN offering to the shrine of power
Our hands shall never bring,
A garland on the car of pomp
Our hands shall never fling.

2 Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be;
But we have hearts to honour those
That bade the world go free.

3 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are,
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far.

4 Glory to them in coming time,
And through eternity,
Who broke the captive's galling chain,
And bade the world go free.

587

S.M.

1 FOR all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And yearned for Thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee, Lord, in their view,
Learned from thy holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

588

7 M.

1 THANKS to God for those who came
In the gospel's glorious name;
Who upon the green earth trod
But to teach the truth of God.

2 For the host who meekly poured
Willing blood to serve the Lord;
Fearless bore the racks of pain,
Felon's death or captive's chain.

3 And for all, from shore to shore,
Who the blessed tidings bore;
All who wrought for liberty
When 'twas treason to be free.

4 Ye who now, in better days,
Live to spread your Maker's praise,
Speed your embassy where'er
Life has grief, or death has fear.

589

L.M.

1 BE lasting praise and homage paid
To those who shine as stars above,
The radiant host of sacred dead,
Who nobly spent their strength and love.

2 The heroes of each holy war,
The leaders through the wilderness,
Content, in death, to view from far,
The land their feet should never press.

3 Martyrs, whose blood like seed was sown;
The Prophets' long resplendent line;
The Kings who sought no tyrant throne,
But ruled by Love, the law divine.

4 Great Sons of God whose infant bed
No sages decked with myrrh and gold,
To whom no herald angels led,
Whose fate no mystic star foretold.

5 And following this triumphant throng,
Who cleared man's dim encumbered way,
God's vanguard soldiers still prolong
The conflict through this later day.

6 But soon the slumbering world will wake
To seek the path the saints have trod,
To scorn ignoble ease, and make
Each life an offering unto God.

590

L.M.

1 THROUGH silent aisles of sombre years
Our fathers' hero-band appears,
In warfare with Oppression tried,
By patient suffering purified.

2 Banished beyond their Zion's gate,
Forlorn, but not disconsolate,
In lowly shrines, disdained by fame,
They kindled Freedom's altar-flame.

3 And sire and son, to Conscience true,
Battled, the stormy ages through,
Till banners, raised with tears and sighs,
Float freely 'neath serener skies.

4 And though from Truth's exalted hill
They saw the landscape changing still,
With joy they hailed the view sublime
Grow fairer with the march of time.

5 O Saints austere! whose pilgrim feet,
In paths of danger, scorned retreat:
From fields of Freedom, where ye stood,
We bring our wreaths of gratitude.

591

C.M.

1 SAY not they die, the martyr-train,
Steadfast and strong in faith,
Who calmly smiled on scorn and pain
And triumphed even in death.

2 Such cannot die; they vanquish time,
And fill the world with light,
Making our common life sublime
With memories of their might.

3 They cannot die whose lives are part
Of larger life to be,
Who stir the world's great beating heart,
And shape its destiny.

4 Then mourn not those who, dying, gave
A priceless gift to men:
Death stands abashed before the brave
Whose good deeds rise again.

5 Dim in the light of vanished years
Their names may be unknown,
But earth's fair fields the harvest bears
From seed that they have sown.

592

7 M.

1 HERO-saints, of deathless name,
Cloud of witnesses on high,
Guarding once, with hearts aflame,
Truth and Right triumphantly;

2 Men, whose conquering way was fought
Through the wrongs of ages gone,
Gentler spirits, rapt in thought,
On the mount of God alone;

3 Let your guiding voices join
Still in Truth's clear battle-cry,
Rouse anew the wavering line
Of her hard-pressed chivalry;

4 Shame the feeble, craven-souled,
And the drooping hearted raise,
Nearer to the nobler mould
Of your own heroic days.

593 L.M. 6.

1 THE kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green, along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me on thy flowery breast,
Earth, where thy nameless martyrs rest:—

2 The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take;
And silently, in fearless faith,
Have bowed their noble souls to death.

3 Where sleep they, Earth? By no proud stone
Their narrow cell of rest is known;
And ancient woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those hidden graves:
They sleep in secret, but their sod
Unknown to man, is marked of God.

594

8-7 M. D.

1 OUR fathers' faith, we'll sing of thee,
Dear faith, which still we cherish!
Nor may their children's children see
That faith decay and perish.
'Tis faith in God, 'tis faith in man,
'Tis faith in truth and beauty;
In freedom's might and reason's right,
And all-controlling duty.

2 We may not think our fathers' thought;
Their creeds our lips may alter;
But in the faith they dearly bought
Our hearts shall never falter.
'Twas faith in God, &c.

3 O may that faith our hearts inspire
To earnest thought and labour;
That we may share its heavenly fire
With every friend and neighbour.
'Tis faith in God, &c.

RELIGIOUS PATRIOTISM.

595 C.M.

1 FAIR island home, renowned and free,
Our goodly heritage,
More richly flow Heaven's gifts to thee,
As age succeedeth age.

2 For us thy soil a harvest yields
Our fathers sowed in tears,
We reap in peace the battlefields
Of dark and troubled years.

3 Afar thy daughter-realms extend,
'Neath stranger-stars' soft light,
Where newborn nations rise and lend
Fresh lustre to thy might.

4 For power and peace, on shore and sea,
O God, we praise Thy hand,
And humbly consecrate to Thee
The glory of our land.

5 May England's shield protect and bless,
Her sword defend and save,
Till by Thine aid, the wilderness
Bloom where our banners wave.

596

7-6 M.

1 O BEAUTIFUL, our country,
Be thine a nobler care,
Than all the wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to foster
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to those in bondage
Fair Freedom's open door.

2 For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed,
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine,
The blood of famous nations,
Commingled, flows in thine.

3 O beautiful, our country,
Round thee in love we draw,
Thine is the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law;
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem,
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem.

597

C.M.

1 LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children too;—how should we love
Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Here may religion pure and mild
Upon our sabbaths smile;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

6 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend!

598

P.M.

1 OUR country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 Our native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name we love;
We love thy rocks and rills,
Thy vales and templed hills,
Each heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Giver of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

599

P.M.

1 GOD bless our native land,
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard her shore;
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.

2 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle;
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile.

3 And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore:
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

600

L.M.

1 PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,—
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

2 Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

3 Praise to our God; the vine he set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

4 Praise to our God; his power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by councils wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

5 Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn;
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide his heritage.

601

C.M.

1 THE land our fathers left to us
Is stained with hateful sin;
When shall, O Lord, this sorrow end,
And peace and joy begin?

2 Thou, Lord, hast given us might and wealth,
And liberty and fame;
But still the fatal taint of guilt
Our glory turns to shame.

3 Remove, O God, this darksome stain,
Increase the nation's power;
Nor let our crown of strength and pride
Be as a fading flower.

4 Hush Thou the strife of tongues, and give
Thy weary people peace;
Cleanse the dark places of the land
Till wrong and evil cease.

602

P.M.

1 NOW pray we for our country,
That England long may be
The holy and the happy,
And the gloriously free!
Who blesseth her is blessed,
So peace be in her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages and halls.

603

8-7 M.

1 LET the patriot's anthem swell,
As we sing with joy and pride
Of the land that no foes assail
O'er the ocean's circling tide:
The land on whose bountiful breast
Is our home beneath the sun,
Where Freedom's bright pathway is traced
By our rights, once hero-won.

2 Now the song of the free we sing!
Of a good time yet unborn,
When each man of himself is king;
Of a day whose gladsome morn
Shall gild the rich earth 'neath our feet,
And a fair sky overhead;
When those now sad shall find life sweet,
And none shall hunger for bread.

2 Join our hopeful, jubilant song!
'Tis no boast of triumphs won
At the price of another's wrong,
Or of base deeds foully done;
For we sing of the wide world's right,
The glory of God's great plan,
To flood the earth with joy and light,
To build the kingdom of man!

THE SEASONS.

604

C.M.

1 O TIME, ne'er resteth thy swift wing,
Thy moments make no stay;
Yet what vast treasures do they bring,
What treasure bear away!

2 O richly-laden hours of life,
Ye bring the Father's care,
To still the world's consuming strife,
To meet each lurking snare.

3 Yes, Lord, our days may be divine,
Our hours may golden be;
The brightness of their light may shine
Through all eternity.

4 We mourn not, hours, the wings ye take,
If your blest dower be given;
Fly on, swift moments, if ye make
Our souls more fit for heaven.

5 Fair parted days, still sweetly breathe,
Still blessedly appear!
And glory and delight bequeath
To the eternal year.

605

7-6 M.

1 THERE cometh o'er the spirit
With each returning year,
The thought that Thou, the Father
Art ever to us near;
With hope of life dispelling
The death that winter brought,
And flower and fruit foretelling,
With fragrant beauty fraught.

2 'Tis this that calls thy children
In sweet accord to raise,
Beneath thy blue-domed temple,
One gladsome hymn of praise,
To Thee, the ever-living,
The universal King,
Who never ceasest giving
Each good and perfect thing.

606

7 M.

1 BACKWARD looking o'er the past,
Forward too with eager gaze,
Stand we here to-day, O God,
At the parting of the ways.

2 Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill;
Memories all bright and fair
Seem to float on spirit-wings
Downward through the silent air.

3 Hark! through all their music sweet,
Hear you not a word of cheer?
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
"Happy be the coming year"!

4 Father, comes that voice from Thee!
Swells it with thy meaning vast,—
Good in all thy future stored,
Fairer than in all the past!

607

C.M.

1 BREAK, new-born year, on glad eyes break!
Melodious voices move;
On, rolling time, thou canst not make
The Father cease to love!

2 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight;
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright.

3 That we may bless its gladsome things,
If earthly cheer should come;
Or trustful rise on angel wings,
If Thou should'st take us home.

4 Oh, golden, then, the hours must be;
The years must needs be sweet:
Then, Lord, with happy melody
Thy ceaseless love we greet.

608 7 M.

1 SUNLIGHT of the heavenly day,
Mighty to revive and cheer,
Bless our yet untrodden way,
Lead us on from year to year.

2 Forward! though the path be hid,
Though we pass the lurking foe,
Though the sound of woe forbid,
Girt with gladness let us go.

3 Open Thou beneath our tread
Springs, the distance could not show,
From the holy fountain-head
Let them rise where'er we go.

4 Teach us as we pass along,
In the shining of thy face,
Many a sweet thanksgiving song,
Even in a dreary place.

5 Strong in thy protecting care,
Through the desert or the sea,
Sure to find Thee faithful there,
On! to reign in life with Thee

609

C.M.

1 ANOTHER year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By winter's snow concealed.

2 Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

3 Another year of happy work
That better is than play;
Of simple cares and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

4 Another year of infant mirth,
And childhood's blessèd ways;
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.

5 Another year at Beauty's feast,
At every moment spread;
Of silent hours, when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

6 Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight;
Another year of God!

610 L.M.

1 FROM day to day, from year to year,
New waves of change assail us here,
Each passing hour prolongs the chain
Where pleasure alternates with pain.

2 New calls of sacred duty come,
New sanctities of love and home,
And tender hopes and anxious fears
Bring changing moods and smiles and tears.

3 Old tasks are lost, old thoughts grow strange,
Old longings, strivings, slowly change;
Old faiths seem no more dear or true,
Lost in the full light of the new.

4 Though much be taken, much is left,
Not all forsaken nor bereft,
And every change may lead to rest,
Till life's last moment be the best.

611 C.M.D.

1 THE springtide hour brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love:
And many a lay wears out the day,
In many a leafy grove:
Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
But, Lord, my heart bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.

2 Dews fall apace,—the dews of grace
Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine delights to shine
Upon the waste within:
Yet, year by year, fruits, flowers appear,
And birds their praises sing;
But oft my heart bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

3 Lord! let thy love, fresh from above,
Soft as the south winds blow;
Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow!
And when thy voice makes earth rejoice,
And hills to laugh and sing,
Lord, make this heart to bear its part,
And join the praise of spring.

612

C.M.

1 WHEN warmer suns and bluer skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What happy sounds of life arise,
What lovely scenes appear!

2 Earth with her thousand voices sings
Her song of gladsome praise;
And every blade of grass that springs
God's loving law obeys.

3 The early flowers bloom bright and fair.
Fair shines the morning sky,
The birds make music in the air,
The brook goes singing by.

4 Like this spring morning, sweet and clear,
That greets our gladdened eyes,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall bring new earth and skies.

613 C.M.

1 THE softened mould is brown and warm,
The early blossoms break,
And loosened streams along the banks
A mossy verdure make.

2 A dewy light broods o'er the earth,
A sweetness new and rare,
And tumults of brook, bird, and breeze
With music wake the air.

3 Arise, O Heart, awake and learn
The secret of the Spring!
From winter-sleep it comes like light,
Or as a bird on wing.

4 And if in wintry bonds we lie,
In patience may we rest,
Until, O Lord, at thy dear call,
We rise renewed and blest.

614

7-6 M. D.

1 AGAIN the summer's glory
Makes glad the waiting earth;
The heavens repeat the story
Told at Creation's birth.
Each day the sunlight golden
A richer radiance sheds,
And over all things olden
New robes of beauty spreads.

2 With brighter beams appeareth
Truth's clear and heavenly light;
God's year its summer neareth,
Of Justice, Peace, and Right.
That light our souls will cherish,
Nor in its service fail,
Till sin and error perish,
And love and truth prevail.

3 Then warm with generous feeling
For all our human kind,—
The love of God revealing,
That each to each will bind,—
Our hearts shall catch the glory
Of earth's glad summer days,
Our lives repeat the story
Of beauty, joy, and praise.

615

C.M.

1 HOW glad the earth when summer's sun
Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in their bowers.

2 The morn sends silent music down
On every earthly thing;
And always since creation's dawn
The stars together sing.

3 Shall man remain in silence then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins? No, let us sing,
And while our voices rise,

4 O let our lives, great God, breathe forth
A constant melody,
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to Thee.

616

C.M.

1 A SWEET and blessed strain they swell,
The glorious-tinted flowers,
On sunny slope, in shady dell,
To cheer our weary hours.

2 Their fragrant odours rise to heaven,
In homage and in prayer,
Silent the dewy incense given,
Yet God is hallowed there.

3 They woo us with their balmy breath
To summer bowers on high;
They point us from decay and death
To flowers which never die.

4 Praise to Thee, brightener of our hours,
For this sweet ministry,
Which by the breath of thy fair flowers
Is leading us to Thee.

617 L.M.

1 ONCE more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems and gold;
Once more, with harvest song and shout,
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

2 O favours every year made new!
O blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty far exceeds our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

3 We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it, shines behind us still.

4 Let homes and altars, wreathed with flowers,
Within our hearts awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

618

11 M.

1 SUMMER suns are glowing over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing, bountiful and free;
Everything rejoices in the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth over all the world,
And his banner gleameth everywhere unfurled;
Broad and deep and glorious as the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious his eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness, thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness make us love Thee more,
And when clouds are drifting dark across the sky,
Then, the mist uplifting, Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee, though Thou veil thy light,
Life is dark without Thee, death with Thee is bright,
Light of life shine o'er us on our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us to the endless day.

619

9-8 M.

1 NOW sing we a song for the Harvest:
Thanksgiving, and honour, and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Bestoweth to gladden our days.

2 For flowers of the upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the pasture
To toiler and husbandman yield.

3 And thanks for the harvest of Beauty,—
For that which the hands cannot hold;
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold:

4 We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

5 But now we sing deeper and higher
Of harvests that eye cannot see:
They ripen on mountains of Duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

6 O Thou, who art Lord of the Harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts would unfeignedly render
Thanksgiving, and honour, and praise.

620

9-8 M.

1 WE come, our hearts with gladness glowing,
Thee, Lord of Harvest, to adore,
For garners filled to overflowing
With treasured heaps and plenteous store,
To thank Thee that thy Father-hand
Has blessed anew our happy land.

2 Since Thou, on us compassion taking,
With daily bread our wants dost feed,
So, pity in our breasts awaking,
Makes us to feel for others' need:
Thou rich and poor alike dost love,
Then let them both thy bounty prove.

3 Our praise for this abundant blessing,
With favour, gracious Father, hear,
More deeply on our minds impressing
Thy mercies each successive year:
That so our truest praise may be
A life devoted all to Thee.

621

L.M.

1 O LORD of Seasons, unto Thee
Our hymn with grateful hearts we raise,
For all thy gifts so rich and free,
That crown these sweet autumnal days.

2 By thy dear love the lap of Spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower,
And smiling Summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower.

3 And Autumn pours her riches now,
Of grain and fruit, o'er hill and dale;
And golden sheaf and laden bough
The fulness of thy bounty tell.

4 Beneath blue skies, the fragrant breeze
O'er rustling leaves doth gently blow;
In gold and purple robed, the trees
Thy glory and thy goodness show.

622 C.M.

1 OFT as through wintry woodland paths
We sad and listless go,
Our hearts forget that 'neath the leaves
The sweet flowers wait to blow.

2 But when the south wind sweeps away
The wreck of Autumn's gold,
Then fair and fresh the flowers of Spring
Their starry hosts unfold.

3 Thus when we walk in life's dark ways
May we the truth foreknow
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the sweet flowers grow.

623

L.M.

1 'TIS winter now; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear:
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

2 And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes.
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

3 And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

4 O God, who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

624

7-6 M. D.

1 LORD of the silent winter,—
Beneath whose skies of grey,
The frost-bound fields lie cheerless,
But wait a brighter day;
If human hearts are dreary,
By mists of sorrow chilled,
Give patience to the weary,
Till they with peace be filled!

2 Lord of the joyous spring-time,—
When leaves and buds appear,
And lengthening days of beauty
Renew the softened year;
Breathe on our hearts in blessing,
Away our sadness roll;
And send, all pain redressing,
A spring-time to the soul!

3 Lord of the glowing summer,—
When waves the corn on high,
And fruits in valleys ripen
Beneath a cloudless sky;
Shine on our hearts' endeavour
To give our strength to Thee,
That in our spirits ever
A richer life may be!

4 Lord of the bounteous autumn,—
When vineyards yield their store,
And golden sheaves, new-gathered,
Pass to the garner door:
Lord of the changing seasons,
Lord of our passing days!
Wake Thou in us abundance
Of duty, love, and praise.

625

L.M.

1 RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

3 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

4 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

5 Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust for gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

6 Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

626 8-7 M.

1 TOO swiftly each circling season
Has sped, like a passing guest;
The year in its flight is failing
And silently sinks to rest.

2 Too quickly were Spring's fresh garments
In dust of the ways outworn,
Too soon sat the queenly Summer
Amid fading flowers, forlorn.

3 And scarcely had bounteous Autumn
Uplifted her harvest song
Ere Winter swept from the landscape
The life that had pulsed so strong.

4 But deep in the breast of Nature,
Her numberless days to fill
With beauty, and wealth, and wonder,
That life hath not ceased to thrill.

5 So now, though the years' dim pathways
Meet under a wintry sky,
Hope lies in our hearts enfolded,
To bloom as each Spring goes by.

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